

ROBERTS'
SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

For Town and Country.

NO. XXIII.

DECEMBER 15.

1841

Written for the Boston Notion.
OUR COUNTRY.

BY MRS. ANNA L. SNELLING.

'Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own—my native land?'

SCOTT.

'OUR COUNTRY!'—At that hallowed word,
What feelings in the breast are stirred;
The wanderer—wheresoe'er he roam,
Weeps at the sacred name of HOME!
Her rudest peak—her loneliest cave—
The waters round her rocks that lave—
Her desert plains—her mountains high,
For him possess a witchery.

The Switzer will sigh, when far distant, to hear
The soul-stirring song of the rude mountaineer;
It speaks of his country! It tells of the time
When in childhood, he loved her mountains to
climb.

It brings to his view, the sweet cot by the wood;
And the bright sunny faces before it that stood.

The Greek—though his country has long since
been known,

As a shadow of glory, now faded and gone;
Will pause on her hills; e'er he bid them adieu;
Where cities and temples once rose to the view:
And find in their ruins, now dreary and bare,
A charm, that in vain he will seek for elsewhere.

Hark! The loud bugle's thrilling sound
Rises o'er Scotland's hills. Around,
Through vale and glen, o'er rock and dell,
The parting echos gently swell:
Yet startling in that wild domain
Where solitude had fixed her reign.
Strange, that a sound so shrill and drear
Should jar on nature's slumbers here;
That sound has roused up bosoms stern,
From the green heath, and tangled fern;

Now springs a warrior to the strand;
His kindling eye surveys the band,
Who, firm in purpose, boldly stand,
To die—or free their native land.
But who is he, whose lofty soul
Thus spurns the fetters of control?
That noble form and forehead fair,
Bear marks of anguish and of care;
It seems as grief had warr'd with time
To snatch him in his morning prime:
Yet, in his gesture and his mein,
Some settled purpose might be seen
Which aids him to suppress the sigh,
And tear, that strive for mastery.

He pauses—then with sudden spring,
He gains the centre of the ring:
His eagle glance from man to man
Is passed, as if the look might scan
His inmost soul; and on his brow
The symbol trace, of friend, or foe.
'Well met, once more; behold I bring
A flag of truce from England's King:
See! here the royal mandate lies;
Who owns it, lives!—who braves it, dies!"
'These are the terms.' A smile of scorn
Played on his lip, and then was gone.
'All mute! Not e'en a single sword
To flash reply to England's lord?
Answer ye men of Ellerslie;
Do ye choose chains, or liberty?"
Still as the storm-hushed deep, had been
That little band of patriot-men;
But, as when roused from peaceful sleep,
The wild winds stirred that foaming deep:
So did the fiery thoughts, long nurst

In silence, now their fetters burst.
A shout is heard, the spear heads gleam,
Reflected back by rock and stream ;
'Our answer to the tyrant, be
'OUR COUNTRY! WALLACE! LIBERTY!'

By treachery of ruthless hands,
That warrior on the scaffold stands,
Like some serene and god-like form
Who yields, when vain to brave the storm :
One, only one request he made
Ere his wrung breast in death was laid :
'Let me but look,' he said, 'once more
Upon my loved—my native shore,
Where I have struggled, fought and bled,
That she might rear her free-crowned head,
And save the stain of coward shame
From lighting on her children's name :
One effort, ere my heart-strings burst
To avenge my bleeding Marion's dust ;
And then, my country ! let it be
My triumph—that I die for thee !

'OUR COUNTRY!' 'Sons of Greece, arise !
Shrouded in death-like gloom she lies !
Can ye sit thus in torpid sleep,
While heroes fall, and orphans weep ?
Shall this blue deep your shores that lave,
Bear on its breast a race of slaves ?
Here cowards ! view yon hallowed spot :
The deeds done there, are they forgot ?
And view those straits that stretch below,
Where your sires crushed the Persian foe.
Ah those who fought for freedom then,
Full well deserved the name of MEN !
That gulf ! fear ye its gloomy deep ?
Heroes—whose names will never sleep,
Once stood as conquerors on its shore ;
Bear ye the name which then they bore ?
If so, assert your birth-right now,
And lay the proud oppressor low.'

Thus spoke Bozzaries, while around
His country's tyrants strewed the ground.
There, lulled in tranquil sleep they lay,
But waiting the approach of day,
To seal the victories they had gained,
And crush the few, who yet remaind,
Like noble monuments, to show
That they would die, ere trust to foe.
They slept ! but on that fearful sleep
Burst cries of vengeance, loud and deep :
They woke, to feel what man can brave,
Rather than stoop to be a slave.
Though with that victory was bought
The life of him who vainly fought ;
His name and deeds will long remain.
Would they could rouse those hearts again ;
But ah ! the warrior's memory, now,
Fails to light up their children's brow.
'OUR COUNTRY' is to them, a name
Hallowed alone by tears of shame

'OUR COUNTRY!' hear the inspiring cry
From Alpine mountains, rising high,
The symbol of a tyrant's power
Waves proudly from each cloud-capt tower ;
What daring hand has pluck'd it down ?
Fears he not too, the tyrant's frown ?
He scorns his comrad's coward fears ;
His country's wrongs are in his ears ;
He hears the epithet of 'SLAVE !'
Applied to souls, so true and brave ;
It was enough : the hand of TELL
Revenge'd the taunt, where Gesler fell.

'OUR COUNTRY!' On Podotia's plain,
The moaning winds send forth the strain ;
Where music's tones in bower and dome,
Once spoke of happiness and home,
Mournful and sad, is heard alone,
The exile's plaint, the captive's groan.
Ah, Poland ! who can think of thee
Nor feel thy wrongs, thy misery ?
If strangers weep to hear thy woes,
Who shall thy son's deep grief disclose ?
Torn from the mansions of their sires—
Their fathers' graves—their household fires :
Their rights usurp'd ; war's blighting breath,
Telling of carnage, slaughter, death ;
In vain their toils, in vain their cares ;
They all have dared what man can dare ;
They all have fought, they all have bled,
Peace to the memory of the dead.
Yet has she hearts that may not bow ;
Still has she souls, who're kindling now
With hopes of vengeance, yet to be ;
Dreaming of peace and liberty :
Names, that shall sound from shore to shore,
When Russia's despot lives no more :
Names—that each land with pride might own ;
Hearts—that will own one lord alone ;
Hands—that in toil and danger nurst,
Their country's thralldom yet shall burst.

'OUR COUNTRY!' In the captive's prayer,
Her weal or wo, will claim a share :
Her good alone a Cato viewed
When nature's feelings he subdued—
And Regulus—the good, the brave,
For Rome became a willing slave.
In vain, behold his daughter kneel—
In vain his noble son's appeal :
His country—injured and oppressed,
Fills his whole soul and steels his breast.
Dante was by his country curst :
Yet—ere that noble heart had burst,
Spite of its wrongs, could not refrain
From that scorned lyre to breathe one strain,
Which through Italia wildly rung,
For an ungrateful country strung,
'To thee'—he sang, 'thee whom before, as now
I loved, and love, devote the mournful lyre,
And melancholy gift high powers allow

To read the future, and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive.
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire!
Think not that I would look upon them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my *gueridon* grants not to survive;
My heart shall be poured over thee and break!"*

Venice! When captive Tasso ceased to be,
Was rung the death knell of thy Liberty!
While at that name a nation wept,
'Tis strange its sluggard spirit slept.
The very bulwarks nature planned
To guard the passes to thy land,
Are maris for German, Frank and Goth;
While, sunk in luxury and sloth,
'Neath the same air which Dante drew,
And o'er which injured Tasso, threw
That dear-bought fame that never dies,
Low in the dust Italia lies.

'OUR COUNTRY!' Let the slumbering lyre
Once more Hibernia's sons inspire—
An Emmet calls,—"Shake off your chains!
Prove ye are freedom's sons again.
Arise! let peace and plenty smile
Once more upon the Emerald Isle!"
Ah, eloquence! a fatal boon
Wer't thou, to Ireland's chief—too soon
The laurels drooped upon the head
Of him whose voice might wake the dead.

But there's a land of summer showers—
Of peaceful plains—of fields and flowers,
Where war's shrill trumpet may not come!
It claims the name of FREEDOM'S HOME.

'OUR COUNTRY!' Yes, Columbia, thou
Beneath no tyrant's nod shall bow!
Proudly thy eagle's pinions wave
O'er hill and plain—o'er rock and cave—
Vainly the British lion's roar
Was echoed back from shore to shore!
Vainly the ocean's queen unturled
Her swelling sails—and vainly, hurled

* Byron.

Her darts upon 'THE REBEL'S' head—
The eagle's sheltering wing was spread—
The banner waves—the foe has fled.
The heroes sleep in peace, who stood
And bought their freedom with their blood.
Too long the harp have silent lain,
My country—which should wake the strain
Which only to each Patriot heart
Can praise or paint thee as thou art!

'OUR COUNTRY!' Shall the smile of peace
Upon its verdant forests cease?
Shall other nations boast, to see
War raging mid the brave and free?
Not so! Let Rome her conquests tell—
Her Caesar's blood has sealed them well:
Let Russia count her victories o'er,
And show her cities died in gore;
The exiles of Siberia, claim
More heart-felt praise, a nobler name.
No—let our country's emblem, be
No blood-stained spoils of victory;
But may the wanderer on her shore,
Find peace, and rest, and home, once more;
May one great, good and glorious name
Stand foremost on her lists of fame.
Oh! our great champion, father, friend,
By heaven chosen, to defend
Thy land—what myriad voices raise
To chant thy virtues to the skies.

Our native land! Our native land!
We love thy rude and surly-beat strand,
Thy rugged rocks and mountains, more
Than all the temples famed of yore.
Rome's glories are in ruin laid;
Fair Grecia is a desert made;
But thou, my country! thou hast caught
The inspiring light of mind and thought,
E'en from their ashes—and they sleep—
But not in death—for, o'er the deep
And broad Atlantic—see the flame
Kindling anew an infant realm—
Whose bright, meridian day, may be,
Fair Greece—a living type of thee.

NEW YORK, 1841.

From the Friendship's Offering for 1843.
AN INVALID TO HER MOTHER.

BY LADY WYATT.

Fell sickness, with his iron hand,
Points out to me 'the better land';
Resigned, I would not watch the sand,
But for one wish its ebb to stand—
The thought that I shall pain thee!

If friends applaud my mind's firm tone
And spirit calm, 'tis scarce my own;
For I repress sigh, tear, or moan,
By love all-powerful and alone,
The thought that I might pain thee!

Farewell the harp I've played to thee,
The paths where I have strayed with thee,
The pencil I have swayed for thee,
The book whence I have prayed with thee,
Which taught me ne'er to pain thee!

When this fond heart shall move no more,
Count not its hasty feelings o'er,
Its clinging love let thought restore,
Till, soothed, you'll gently her deplore,
Who'd rather die than pain thee!

From Graham's Magazine for December.
THE MARRIAGE OF ACHILLES.

By the Author of 'The Brothers,' 'Cromwell,' 'Ringwood the Rover,' etc.

It was a day of Truce in the fair Troad!—the festival of the great Doric and Ionian God, sacred to either nation—it was a day of general peace, of general rejoicing! The ninth year of the war was far advanced towards its termination. Hector, the mighty prop of Troy, had fallen; yet did the Grecian host still occupy their guarded camp by the dark waters of the Hellespont; nor had the indomitable valor of the Goddess-born prevailed to level with the dust the towers of Troy divine. For fresh allies had buckled on their armor for the defence of Priam—Memnon, son of the morning, like his great rival half-immortal, with his dark Coptic hosts, had rushed from the fair banks of the giant Nile—ill-fated prince and hero!—rushed but to swell the triumphs of the invincible Thesalian, to water with his life-blood the flowery pastures of the land he vainly hoped to save. Penthesilea, virgin queen of man-defying virgins—fairest of earth's fair daughters—had left her boundless plains beside the cold Thermodon—had called her quivered heroines from warring with the mountain pard, and chasing the huge urus of the plain, to launch the unerring shaft and ply the two-edged axe against the sevenfold shield of Salamis, against the Pelian spear. Alas! not her did her unrivalled horsemanship, in which she had set her trust—in which she might have coped successfully with the world-famed Bellerophontes—not her did her skill with the feathered reed avail, against the speed of him who left the winds behind in his career, whose might was more than human. She too lay prone before him—the dazzling charms of her voluptuous bosom revealed to the broad sunshine, as he tore off the jewelled cincture—tore off the scaly breastplate—the hyacinth tresses, soiled in the gory dust—tresses where with she might have veiled her form even to the ankles, so copious was their flow! Oh! she was beautiful in death—and avenged by her beauty!—For the fierce conqueror wept and bore her to his own pavilion, and hung enamored for long days over those fatal charms; and pressed the cold form to his fiery heart, and kissed with fervid lips the cold and senseless eyelids, the mouth that answered not to his unnatural rapture. The fate of Troy, as on the bravest of her sons, had fallen on the best of her allies—the fiat of the destinies had long ago gone forth—the fiat which the dwellers of Olympus, the revellers on Nectar and Ambrosia,—which Jove himself, although he were reluctant, must obey! The ancestral curse was on the walls of Ilium, and all who should defend them. They fell there one by one, valiant, sometimes victorious—Sarpedon, Cycnus fell—Memnon,

Penthesilea! Yet falling they deferred the ruin which they might not avert—so Troy still stood, although her mightiest were down—and when the brazen cymbal of Cybele summoned her sons to battle, they still rushed forth in throngs, determined to the last and unsubdued; and with Deiphobus to lead—worthy successor of their mightier hero—they battled it still bravely on the plain, between the city and the sea.

But now it was all harmony and peace!—the spears were pitched into the yellow sand beside the Grecian galleys, or hung, each on its owner's wall, within the gates of Ilium. The plain, the whole fair plain, was crowded now—more densely crowded than it had ever showed, when in the deadliest fight the kindred nations mingled—for now not warriors only, but the whole population of the camp, the country and town, traversed its grassy surface in gay and gorgeous companies.—Gray headed men were there, counsellors and contemporaries of old Priam, eager to look upon the field whereon such exploits had been done—matrons came out to weep above the green graves of their sons and spouses, graves which till then they ne'er had visited, nor decked with votive garlands, nor watered with a tear,—maidens in all the frolic mirth of their blythe careless youth, panting to gather flowers from the banks of Simois and Xanthus, Phrygian streams, to chase the gaudy butterfly, to listen to the carol of the bird—to drink in with enchanted ears the sylvan harmonies from which they had so long been shut within the crowded walls of the beleaguered city.

It was a wondrous spectacle—Yea! beautiful exceedingly! Men in those days were indeed images of the immortal—women, types of ideal loveliness!—many a form was there of youthful warriors, such as were models unto him who wrought from the inanimate rock of Paros, that breathing, deathless god, the slayer of Python—many a girlish shape such as we worship in the poet's dream, Psyche, or Hebe, or Europa—many a full blown figure, ripe in the perfect luxury of womanhood, such as enchants the eyes, intoxicates the hearts, enthralls the souls, of all who look upon the Medicean Venus. Then the rich oriental robes of gauze-like Byssus, revealing all the symmetry, and half the delicate hues, of the rich charms they seemed to veil—the jewelled zones and mitres, the golden network, scarce restraining the downward sweep of the redundant ringlets!—the priests in stoles of purest snow, sandalled and crowned with gold!—the sacrificers in their garbs suscinet—the spotless flower-crowned victims!—the music—and the odors!—and

the song! The wild exulting bursts of the mad Bacchic Dithyramb!—the statelier and more solemn chant, warbled by hundred tongues of boys, and stainless virgins, in honour of the Pure, Immaculate God—the silver-bowed—the light-producer—the averter—the avenger!—son of Latoa and of Jove—Delian and Thymbrian King!—the blast of the shrill trumpets, blent with the deep, deep roll of the Croybantian drum, loud as the deafening roar of subterranean thunder, and the sharp clashing of the Cretan cymbal, and the shrill rattle of the systum!—the charriots and the coursers of the god!—chariots of polished brass, reflecting every beam of the broad Asiatic sun till they seemed ears of living flame—coursers of symmetry unmatched, snow-white, with full spirit-flashing eyes, and nostrils wide distended, trampling the flowery sod as if they were proud of their golden trappings, and conscious of the God their owner!

Far in a haunted grove, beneath the towering heights of Ida, where never yet, during the whole nine years of deadly strife, had the red hand of war intruded—far in a haunted grove, whither no beam of the broad day-god pierces even from his meridian height—so densely is it set with the eternal verdure of the laurel, high over-canopied by green immortal palm—so closely do the amorous vines embrace both palm and laurel weaving a vault of solid everlasting greenery—where the perpetual chant of the nightingale is mingled only with the faint sigh of the breeze that plays forever among the emerald alleys, and the sweet tinkling voice of the Thymbrean rill, cold from its icy cradle on the cloud-curtained hill of Jove—unvisited by feet of profane visitor, stands the secluded shrine of the Pure God—a circular vault of whitest Parian marble, reared on twelve Doric shafts, their pedestal and bases of bright virgin gold. Beneath the centre of the dome is placed a circular altar of the same chaste materials, wrought with the most superb reliefs, descriptive of the birth, the exploits and the histories of the great Deity—and in a niche immediately behind it—the Deity himself—the naked limbs—all grace and youthful beauty—the swell of the elastic muscles, the life-like, almost breathing protrusion of the expanded chest—the swan-like curvature of the proud neck, the scornful curl of the almost girlish lips, the wide indignant nostril, the corded veins of the broad forehead from which the clustered locks stream back, waved as it were by some spiritual breath prophetic, the lightning glance of the triumphant eye shot from beneath the brows half bended in a frown, proclaimed the Python killer—the Boy-god now in the flush of his first triumph!—The fierceness kindled the perilous strife was not yet faded from the eye—yet he smiles, scornfully smiles, at the very ease with which he has prevailed over his dragon foe!

A dim religious twilight reigned through that solemn shrine; it would have been a sol-

emn darkness but for the pencils of soft emerald-colored light, which streamed down here and there full of bright wandering moles among the tangled foliage—and for the pale transparent glow soaring up from the marble altar, whereon sed by the richest spices and the most generous wine, the sacred flame played to and fro, lambent and imitative of the lights that stud the empyrean.

On the right hand and left, next to the statue of Apollo, ministered the chief pontiffs of that solemn and mysterious deed; they were both old, even beyond the usual old age of mortals, yet perfectly erect and stately in their forms—their long locks were indeed of perfect silvery whiteness, their wide expanded foreheads wrinkled with many a line and furrow, their lips pale as ashes, their whole complexion bloodless! yet did their eyes beam out from the deep cavernous recesses of their sockets with a wild and spirited brilliance that savored not a little of the unearthly light of inspiration; and their whole air and bearing went far to denote that their long years had nought diminished the pervading powers of the soul, though they had wasted not a little the mere mortal clay; but rather had given freer scope to the far-darting mind, in limiting the operations of the coarser matter.

Their robes were white immaculate linen, and they wore chaplets of the green bay tree on their heads, and carried sceptres, in their hands of gold, enwreathed with sprays of laurels, and bound with woollen fillets. All motionless they stood, and silent; stirring not hand, nor foot, nor even so much as winking an eyelid, save when they poured the fat spiced wine from golden patera upon the altar, to feed the sacred flame. Behind them were assembled the ministers, the choristers, and sacrificers of the temple, waking at times wild harmonies from many a golden lyre, many a silver flute; while, to fill up the pauses between the burst of instrumental music, soft symphonies arose from virgin lips invisible, singing, 'all glory to unshorn Apollo, and her the sister of his soul, the unstained goddess of the groves—queen of the silver bow!'

A little way advanced by the right hand of the altar, bowed down by many years and many sorrows, yet still serene, and dignified, and king-like—for he was yet a king!—aye, and in after days, when his Tory sunk in ashes never to rise again, a king he died, right kingly—leaning on his ivory staff stood the great offspring of Laomedon—good, hapless Priam. His limbs, which had been framed in the gigantic mould of the old heroic ages, still larger than the degenerate thews of his descendants, were all relaxed and nerveless; and the great veins and sinews, which stood out upon his shrivelled hands like a network of cordage, betokened the vast strength which once must have dwelt in that large frame, so sinewless and feeble now—so impotent and helpless. His golden crown was on his lofty brow, serene and venerable in its polished baldness—a flowing mantle of rich regal pur-

ple, lined with white lambskins, flowed down from his shoulders and swept the marble pavement with its rich brodered edge and bullion fringes—a tunic of white linen, gathered about his waist by a broad belt of golden arabesques, sandals of purple leather clasped and embossed with gold, completed his attire—while, ministers of regal state, the god-like heralds stood behind him, Jalthybius and Eurybates the sage, messengers of high kings, interpreters of gods, clad in their mystic garments, and bearing high, advanced their sacred rods, the emblems of their office—close around these were gathered the councillors and sages of the city, Antenor, and Ucalegon, and wise Anchises—reverend and grave seniors, who, having long laid by the falchion, now governed by their proved experience the realm which they had formerly protected by their enthusiastic valor—near these a dozen slaves—slaves of the royal palace, waited with offerings for the altar; two snow-white lambs two vases of rich wine, and frankincense, and myrrh, aloe and cassia—garments of needle-work, and garlands of rich flowers, and crowns and sceptres of wrought gold.

Upon the other hand, facing her aged father was one whom but to look upon, would have excited the coldest, dullest heart to passionate, enamored phrenzy—the young, the beautiful Polyxena, the destined bride of the goddess born—the bravest of the brave, the noblest of the noble, victor of victors, unsurpassed of men, magnificent Achilles. He had beheld her first, before her gallant brother fell, by his hand, beside the Scæan gates, while with her aged mother, and mad Cassandra and her train, she was engaged in mystic rites upon the plain—beheld and loved upon the instant! A few days had elapsed—days of fierce strife between his patriotism and his passion—and then he had demanded of his good, gallant enemy, pledge of conciliation and of peace, the hand of his sweet sister. Oh! demand frantically rejected; oh! pledge of peace madly refused, and fatally! For fat it was, the damning fate of Troy, that stole the heart of Hector!

Achilles had all-honorably proposed peace; Hector demanded treason—treason to Greece and the confederates, as the sole price of young Polyxena! The reply of the indignant Greek was renewed war—and Hector fell, and Troy quailed to its base and tottered! Then Memnon buckled on his armor for Troy, and he too fell! Penthesilea, and she likewise!—and now, all her chief captains down, all her allies retired, Troy was again in her extremity, and again—peaceable and courteous as he was fierce and valiant in the field—Achilles offered terms, peace for Polyxena. And now his terms were heard; for they were old heads now to whom he made his proffers—heard and accepted. And here, in the Taymbræan shrine, they met to plight their faith upon the treaties—to solemnize the marriage of Achilles.

She was indeed most exquisite in her young

loveliness; words cannot tell her loveliness. Scarce sixteen years of age, yet a mature and perfect woman; mature in the voluptuous development of her unrivalled person; mature in the development of her luxurious oriental nature. Tall, slender, and erect as the graceful palm of her native plains, her figure was yet admirably moulded; her ample sloping shoulders; her full glowing bust, tapering downward to a waist scarcely a span in circuit, and thence the sweeping swell of her full lower limbs down to the sylph-like ankle and small, delicate foot, that peered out from beneath the golden fringes of her nuptial robe, constituted, in fact, the very perfection of ideal female symmetry. Her snow-white, swan-like neck languidly drooping with a graceful curve, like a white lily's stalk when the sweet chalice is surcharged with summer dew, concealed, but could not hide the beauty of her head and features; the clean and classic outlines of the smooth brow, from which the auburn hair, parted in two broad, massive braids, waved off behind the small white ears, and there was clustered in a full bunch of ringlets, was relieved by the well marked arches of her dark eye-brows—the eyes themselves could not be seen, for modestly were they cast down upon the pavement; though now and then a stolen glance toward her lover would flash out from beneath the long, long jetty lashes, like the gleam of a war-sword leaping from its scabbard, or the lightning from the gloom of the thunder cloud. Her cheeks were pale as the snow on Ida—save when a rich carnation flush, emblem of overmastering passion, would suffuse brow, and cheeks, and neck, and bosom—aye, and the moulded curves of those smooth ivory shoulders, with a transparent transitory glow as rich, and, oh! as evanescent as the bright hues of sunset touching the top of some heaven-kissing hill! A wreath of orange flowers, blended with myrtle—sacred planet of Venus—even then the bridal wreath—encompassed the fair temples, and shown out resplendently from the dark tresses of the auburn hair. The nuptial veil—a tissue as it were, of woven air, gemmed with bright golden stars—fell off in graceful waves, and floated down her back till it spread out in a long train upon the marble floor; her robe of the like gauzy tissue, fastened on either shoulder by a large stud of brilliants, covered, but veiled not the beauties of her voluptuous bosom; below her bust, plaited in massy folds, it was confined by the virgin zone, and thence flowed down five several tunics, each shorter than the next below it, each fringed with golden tassels, and looped with golden cords, down to her golden sandals. Behind her stood Cassandra, clad in one plain, close-fitting stole of linen, with her dark locks dishevelled, streaming in strange disorder about her rich, majestic person; a laurel wreath set carefully upon her head, and a large branch of the same tree in her right hand. Her full dark eye, that gleamed so often with the intolerable lustre of pro-

phetic phrenzy, was now suffused with moisture, languid, abstracted, and even sad; but no such wo-begone expression sat on the brows or on the laughing lips of the attendant maidens, who clustered, a bright bevy of girlish forms and lovely nymph-like faces behind the beautiful bride.

Just before the altar, facing the image of the god, scarce less sublimely beautiful than that unrivalled marble, alone, and unadorned, and unattended, behold the glorious bridegroom! Language may not describe the splendor, the almost intolerable glory of his soul-fraught, enthusiastic eye—the ardor of the warrior; the inspiration of the host, the *astrum* of the prophet when he is fullest of his god, were combined in that spirit-flashing feature. You saw that eye, and you saw all—the chiselled outlines of the nose, the generous expansive nostril, the proud voluptuous lip, were all unseen, all lost, all swallowed up in the pervading glory of that immortal eye. His form was such as *must* have been the form of him who could outstrip the speed of the most fiery coursers; bounding along all armed, in his full panoply of gold, beside the four horse chariot; although the mettled chargers strained every nerve to conquer—although Eumelus drove them. His garb was simple even to plainness; a short and narrow tunic of bright crimson cloth, leaving his mighty limbs exposed in their own glorious beauty, was belted round his waist by a small cord of gold—his head was covered only by its long silky tresses; sandals of gold were on his feet; he wore no weapons, but a long oaken sceptre studded with knobs of gold, supported his right hand.

Such was the glorious group which tenanted the shrine of the Thymbrean god on that auspicious day—such was the ceremonial of Achilles' marriage! Yet was it passing strange that not one of the Grecian chiefs stood by the bravest of their nation, his comrade and his friend on that sublime occasion, it was yet stranger that not one of all her noble brethren, not one of Priam's fifty sons stood by their lovely sister. Yet such had been the will of Priam; and with the noble confidence—the proud contempt, which were a portion of his nature—confidence in his own dauntless and unrivalled valor, contempt of any mortal peril, Achilles had acceded to the terms.

And now the rites were finished—the sacrifice complete—the bridal chorus chanted!—The pontiffs slew two lambs; one for the royal prince—one for the princely bridegroom—and filled two cups of wine, and they, the sire and son, touched the dead lambs and raised the wine-cups, and grasped each other's hand in amity, and swore eternal peace, eternal amity, and love! They stretched their right hands to the god, tasted the wine, and poured the red libations over the holy altar—praying aloud—solemn and awful prayer—'that thus *his* blood should flow upon the earth—*his* own life-blood, his wife's, his child's, and that of all his race—who should the first transgress that solemn vow and treaty.'

They swore, and it was ended! The hero turned to clasp his blooming bride—Whence—what—was that keen twang—keen, shrill, and piercing, which broke the hush of feeling, that followed on that awful oath sworn between noble foes, now foes no longer? Why does Achilles start with a convulsive shudder! He reels, he staggers, he falls head-long—and see the arrow—fell and accursed deed—buried up to the very feather in the right heel of the prostrate hero! There was a moment's pause—one moment's! and then, with the bow in his left hand, and the broad falchion gleaming in his right, forth from among the priests—forth from the inmost shrine—forth leaped the traitor Paris! Deiphobos, the warrior—Helenus, the priest, followed all armed from head to foot, all with their weapons bare and ready! There was one frantic cry—the shriek of the heart-broken bride—and then no other sound except the clash of the weapons, driven sheer through the body of the hero, against the desecrated pavement.

'Thus Hector is avenged—thus is Troy freed'—shouted the slaughterers of the mighty Greek; but if the shade of Hector was so appeased by a base vengeance, yet so was Troy freed! For not long afterward, the flames rolled over it, that even its ruins perished, its site was lost forever!—and if Polyxena was then snatched from her spouse, yet, when in after days her living form was immolated on his tomb—their names were united, never to part again, in the Elysian fields—the Islands of the Blessed.

From *Frazer's Magazine* for November.
THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Another green leaf has dropped from the stem of genius into the lap of the earth!

'A mighty spirit is eclipsed; a power
Has passed from day to darkness, to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeathed.'

Theodore Hook is dead! Fallen untimely; for though no longer in the 'May of life,' he had not o'er-taken the sear and yellow of his days, nor lost the summer freshness of his mind;—which might be said to have attained to the maturity and ripeness of autumn without any of its decay. He 'should have died hereafter.' Mr. Hook was an extraordinary man. Those who knew him only from his writings knew but a very slight portion of the surpassing faculties of his mind. It was necessary to be acquainted with him personally, and in society, to be able to form any thing like a just conception or appreciation of his excellent powers. His pen failed to do the writer justice—it never fully exhibited the extent and variety of his genius. It seemed as if his talent was essentially oral, and refused to give itself wholly to a more permanent means of sustaining his reputation. Mr. Hook himself had a poor opinion of his printed productions, and always spoke of them to his familiar friends, with unaffected, though playful disdain, marvelling how 'such trash' found acceptance with the public. He wrote professedly for money; and, as he was 'not sedulous by nature to indite,' never attempted to write until the very moment he was pressed to do so. What he did in a literary way was sudden and unpremeditated, like his wit in conversation, and never cost him more thought or time than that he employed in the immediate execution. He had not a grain of vanity. He would allow the commonest intellect in a person he liked to point out any alleged blot or imperfection in his compositions, and, if not too late, correct them under such criticism. Mr. Hook had been the darling of a remarkably talented mother, who dying while he was a mere boy, and his father, then at an advanced age, making a second marriage, an act naturally distasteful to his young son, to whom he had not given any profession, Theodore yielded to circumstance, threw himself upon the world's resources for his happiness, became the spoiled child of Society; and before he was eighteen, his company was coveted and courted by a wild range of fashionable and noble friends, as well as literary contemporaries.

In the year 1805 he became acquainted with Mathews. Hook having commenced dramatic authorship in a farce entitled the *Soldier's Return*, acted with great success at Drury Lane, had free access thenceforward to the green-room, wherein he conceived a great friendship for the comedian, at whose house he visited frequently—nay, daily (for they were near neighbors), for many years after.

Theodore was at that time a tall, slim, fashion-

able-looking youth, with a fine figure; black clustering curls hanging about his animated face, every line of which was full of intelligence and genius. Without being handsome, he was extremely good-looking; with dark and lustrous eyes, which were ears also in expression, for he seemed to hear as well as see with them. He thought himself ugly; and often with undoubted sincerity declared that, had a choice been given to him, he would have preferred beauty to any other earthly possession. As he grew older he treated this subject, as he treated many others, with a humor that was delighting to all near him; and in later days was very fond of exercising his pencil, with a power he possessed in no mean degree, in producing caricatures of his own increased figure and altered face, by such means good-humoredly anticipating and blunting the observations that others might be inclined to make upon his prematurely changed appearance.

Mr. Hook's early love of 'fun' was uncontrollable; his perceptions of the ridiculous, keen and unerring; and his desire to amuse himself and others with his observations and experiments upon folly and credulity was irresistible. His descriptions, then and since, of circumstances, men, and things, were curiously graphic and entertaining; and the most trivial particulars in detail were made important and laughable by his peculiar style of narration.

In other respects he loved in his youthful glee to divert those with whom he was intimate, and also to startle them by the feats of nerve displayed by him in any rash undertaking. No juggler, practising his varied sleights of hand successfully upon his audience, and perceiving the wonder his dextrous ingenuity excited, could feel more triumphant pride than did the youthful Theodore when 'astonishing the natives,' or his friends and companions by his venturous exploits and practical exertions for their amusement, and at the same time his own. In the quality of a dramatic author, it has been mentioned he had the *entree* of the green-room, where he became for the time the *Little Pickle* of the building, enacting as much mischief as the renowned original himself ever concocted in the person of the inimitable Mrs. Jordan. Some of his boyish frolics, not generally known, may not be unentertaining to the reader. One season at Drury Lane theatre, during the run of a stilted melodrama, made up of magic and mysticism, a gigantic oracle had occasion to send forth in brazen voice certain awful revelations to the victimising hero of the scene; Theodore one night crossing behind the stage on his way out of the theatre, found himself close to the wood and canvass which composed the form and substance of the oracular prophet; and observing the tube through which some appointed person nightly issued the supernatural intelligence requisite for the better carrying on of the plot lying ready, but unattended by the person who

had to perform the duty in question, Theodore spontaneously undertook the part.

This happened at a period of great political excitement on the hustings; and ere the proper one could gain the tube, and at the moment before the demon-hero expected to hear the soul-harrowing intimation that '*the clock had struck!*' Theodore, through the medium of oracular eloquence, blew a blast so loud and dread, that the expectant actor and the whole theatre were electrified by the extraordinary noise, and in the next minute all party-feeling was astonished, agitated, and confounded, by another almost stunning shout, which defied the characteristic unity of the drama's time and place, and all chronological consistency, by the popular and deafening acclamation of

'BURDETT FOR EVER!'

On another occasion Theodore placed himself one night under the stage of the Haymarket theatre just as Mr. Liston was preparing in the comedy called the *Finger-Post*, to sing a song as a Quaker, the air as well as the words of which was extremely quaint and precise in its character. Hook had provided himself with a child's wooden trumpet, the squeak of which he introduced at the end of every line of each verse in such a manner as to occasion the most uproarious bursts of laughter all over the house. The singer, also, being so convulsed by the oddity of the mysterious accompaniment, with great difficulty proceeded with the song, which was *encored* partly for the novelty which attended it; and the same result of universal laughter rewarded the subterranean musicians, who with great skill gave most fanciful variations to his repeated efforts for the increased diversion of his hearers.

Many, many such pranks were at that period of life successfully enacted by the young Theodore; some of which he has since ascribed to Daly, in the half-true, half-fictitious history of *Gilbert Gurney*. These off-sets of an untamed and irrepressible vivacity in perfect leisure, were generally performed spontaneously, and mostly without any of the persons acted upon being at the time aware of the perpetrator.

A more elaborate and difficult undertaking, however, than either of those just recorded was fulfilled by Theodore in one of these idle hours of youth. It was his invariable habit, whether engaged formally, or destined to take a shop alone at a coffee-house, or an unceremonious dinner with a friend, to put on a dinner dress, which in that day rigorously demanded shoes: neither boots with their shining, then *unknown*, adjunct, patent-blackening, nor black silk neckcloths, being, as now, admitted into an evening drawing-room. It happened that one winter's day that Theodore had made up his mind to dine *tete-a-tete* with a bachelor friend, who it was understood was to be found at home always on a particular day of the week; and arriving at the house of this friend, to whom we will on this occasion lend the name of Perkins, he found him prepared to step into a hackney-coach to attend a dinner engagement elsewhere. Theodore, quite upset in his plan by this untoward arrangement, entered the coach with Mr. Perkins, inquiring,

as they drove off, whither he was going, with the view of accompanying him in his visit, if to the house of any mutual friend; for Theodore had reason to know that he would be welcomed with gladness wherever he was known. It, however, happened that Perkins was going to a more formal engagement than Hook chose to partake in; and the rain pouring hard at the moment, the dinnerless wight was puzzled what to do with himself,—sportively declaring, however, that he would stop *somewhere* to dine, before Perkins was set down at his destination; and just as he made this declaration the crawling hack passed a genteel-looking house, where by the fire-light in the dining-room (the curtains of which had not yet been closed) a table was laid with about a dozen covers; and Hook, remarking that it looked very *inviting*, put his head out of the window of the coach, crying, 'Stop, stop!' adding, as he turned to his friend, 'I'll dine *here*;' and instantly prepared to alight as the coachman let down the steps.

'What?' inquired Perkins, 'do you, then, know the people who live there?'

'Oh, no!' replied Theodore, with his droll murmuring chuckle of a laugh, 'I haven't the remotest idea who they may be; but I'll *dine* with them, nevertheless. I dare say they'll have no objection; so call for me on your return home, and you will find me snugly domiciled.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed his incredulous friend; 'you would not think of introducing yourself in such a manner to strangers? I won't believe you have nerve for such a proceeding.'

This was enough. Perkins's doubt acted as a challenge. Theodore's mind was made up to 'the sticking-place;' and a wager's risk decided the point. He promised Perkins that he would not only dine at the house in question, but make it indisputable to his friend, if he would call for him on his return home, that he had not previously known the owner of the house.

'Inquire for me,' said Hook, 'on your way back, and you will find me.'

He then descended, and immediately knocked at the door of the house, where his friend in utter amazement, saw the intruder enter, and then drove off.

At the time fixed Mr. Perkins stopped again at the door which he had seen close upon his adventurous friend a few hours before, and timidly inquiring whether 'Mr. Hook was there,' he was respectfully requested to alight, and forthwith ushered up stairs; at the top of which he was met by the master of the house, who politely assured him that any friend of Mr. Hook's was most welcome. He then conducted him into the drawing room, whence joyous sounds of merriment had previously reached his ear as he ascended the staircase; and were now easily understood, for he beheld Theodore seated, quite at his ease, surrounded by a delighted circle of ladies and gentlemen, who had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the charming person before them. Perkins was dumb with admiration and confusion; but no one observed his embarrassment—indeed, no one saw him enter, so much were all absorbed by another object. The master of the house, however, reluctantly withdrew his attention from the hero of the scene occa-

sionally, and sacrificed his own pleasure now and then to politeness and the new comer. By what Mr. Perkins elicited from his host, he was soon satisfied that Hook's visit there was purely unexpected,—the master of the house congratulating himself upon the unfortunate *mistake* of Mr. Hook; adding that he was the most fascinating person he had ever known. And by degrees Mr. Perkins became informed of the process by which his friend had established himself within the house.

It appeared that on the opening of the street-door, after he had been let out of the hackney-coach, Theodore gave his name, with his hat and cane, to the servant, following the announcement of it into the drawing-room, where, looking about him with affected surprise, of which the host and hostess evidently partook in no small degree, he inquired whether he was not in the house of Mr. —? and was immediately answered in the negative,—

"Bless me!" cried the astonished youth, "surely I've made no mistake! This is No. 8?"

"Assuredly, that *was* the number."

"And this is — Street, is it not?" further inquired the *unconscious* stranger.

"Oh, certainly," was the response.

"And does not Mr. — live here?"

He was again answered in the negative.

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed Theodore. "If, then, he does not live here; I have forgotten the street in which my friend's note mentioned he had taken a house. What a dilemma! I must give up all hope of finding him out to-day. He's at this moment, doubtless, waiting dinner for me; and wait he must, for I haven't the slightest recollection of his address if this be not it. Unfortunately, too, the carriage that set me down has driven off with a friend whom I requested to take me up again on his way home at night. Very awkward indeed!"

Many apologies succeeded this *unlooked for* embarrassment, and were met with as many polite assurances from the master of the house that there was no occasion for them. Hook requested, perceiving, as he said, that it still *poured with rain*, that a servant might be permitted to call him a coach; and in the interval the intruder talked very pleasantly, *so* pleasantly, that before the coach arrived, the gentleman of the house having *telegraphed* with his wife, and been answered satisfactorily in the same manner—just as Hook requested the additional favor that a message might be delivered to his friend Perkins when he called, to account to him for not meeting him there, and was retreating with a graceful bow, the master of the house interposed a polite hope that, as all chance of Mr. Hook's engagement being fulfilled was out of the question, he would honor him by taking a seat at his dinner-table on that occasion, and await his friend's arrival, who doubtless would be much disappointed at not finding him there. To this hospitable proposal the modest Theodore offered some faint scruples, but at length hesitatingly assented after a more earnest entreaty, seconded by the handsome mistress of the house; and the unexpected guest, with the hospitable lady on his arm, descended in secret

triumph to the dinner-room, where it is sufficient to say the guest rapidly developed his engaging powers, and insensibly won all hearts. The ladies quitted the table tardily, with visible reluctance; the gentlemen remained at it longer than courtesy to the drawing-room expectants justified. Theodore's wit flew about like diamond-sparks, and lighted up by its hilarious influence all eyes with joyous admiration and delight; and before he and his friend left the house, he riveted the affections of all present by rehearsing, in extemporaneous verse (for which he possessed such wonderful facility,) to lively air, the incidents of his eventful visit, amazing and enrapturing his hospitable entertainers and their friends by his wonderful talents and engaging manners; and as he took his leave, they all crowded around him with even affectionate *adieux*; while his host and hostess declared this accident to have been the most fortunate of their lives; at the same time begging Mr. Hook to consider them his fast friends, and to *drop in* upon them, when not more formally invited, as he had by *chance* done that lucky day. Many such instances as the foregoing might be told, did not limited time preclude further relations of Mr. Hook's wondrous power, not only in the manner described, but at all periods and occasions of his life, in not only making friends of strangers, but of converting even prejudice into partiality.

Mr. Hook's memory was always miraculous. When about eighteen, he undertook for a wager to repeat the names and trades upon the shop-fronts situated on one side of Oxford Street, after passing down a certain portion of it. This undertaking he accomplished, failing only in the due succession of one house. But it being afterwards observed by one of the party, that Mr. Hook might possibly have been partially acquainted with the shops previously, he engaged, after the perusal of the front page of a newspaper, to rehearse every advertisement that stood in its columns. This he also performed without a single mistake. Although Mr. Hook had great animal spirits, he did not possess equal vivacity at all times; on the contrary, he was subject, as most men of genius are, to deep and bitter depressions of mind, most affecting to witness. Strange to say, of so gifted and intelligent a being, he was superstitious to a painful degree. He entertained an implicit belief in supernatural agency, and would listen to a ghost-story with a pallid cheek and awe-inspired interest. Early in life, he wrote a novel called *The Man of Sorrows*, in which this weakness was manifest; and though, as his judgment strengthened, he conquered much of this tendency, yet to the last years of his existence he cherished many of his early impressions. As a trivial instance, it may be mentioned that he never would enter upon any undertaking of importance, if he could help it, on a Friday. He had, however, a remarkable insight into the weaknesses and follies of others, and was not unservant of his own. He penetrated into the depths of the most wily; and detected the small intents of little minds with the most whimsical facility, dragging them from their shallow hiding-places, and laying them bare upon the surface with infinite humor,

to their owner's surprise and dismay. He held a professed enmity with what he described under the expressive head of *humbug*,—every evidence of which he assailed with all the vigor of his powerful ridicule, inexorably putting the right names upon wrong things.

It has been observed that Mr Hook continued his intimacy and friendship with Mathews, with few intermissions, up to the period of the comedian's death. One interruption, however, there was, which threatened to be fatal to their future good understanding. It occurred about the year 1827, when Mr. Hook, in one of his humorous veins, was irresistibly tempted to work upon some traditional accounts, picked up, of the strolling players of other days (for the race must have been extinct before he was born,) and to publish their supposed '*sayings and doings*' in that admirable series in the period of *Gervaise Skinner*. His friend Mathews had, perhaps, more of the *esprit de corps* in him than most actors of his day. He had always loved the art itself; he esteemed many persons belonging to it; and could not bear to see it degraded either by its own members, or by the invidious report of the prejudiced or ill-natured. To find his own familiar friend the agent of vulgar calumny against it, shocked his ideas of propriety, and wounded his confidence.

He knew that Mr. Hook could never have associated with any but the *gentlemen* of the stage; and it seemed unaccountable—nay, Mathews at the time thought *unpardonable*—thus with malice prepense to hold them up to public ridicule and contempt. By clothing the characters in *Gervaise Skinner* in the garb of London performers, and identifying their conceited ignorance, their depraved and vulgar habits with the educated and honorable portion of the community, the author certainly acted injuriously, not only to the profession generally, but to his friends particularly. So Mathews thought and felt, and a coolness, or rather a *warmth*, ensued. The comedian was irate at what he considered an outrage upon good fellowship. It must be confessed that the unprincipled and meretricious habits of the men and women in *Gervaise Skinner* are unredeemed by the undisputed 'fun' arising from their imputed vanities and technical follies; and Mr. Hook's pen was too forcible to need its being steeped in gall in order to give it pungency. Whatever might be the author's feelings in writing this story, Mathews tacitly resented its publication. The consequence was, that a long interval ensued ere Mr. Hook's charming society gladdened his friends' habitation. At length the offender, conscious of the cause, could no longer bear the effect, and the following generous, pleasant, and characteristic letter was one morning delivered to Mathews, during a temporary illness, which confined him to his house:—

'CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ., *Ivy Cottage, Kentish Town.*

'*Cleveland Row, Thursday,*
March 5, 1829.

'My dear Mathews,—You are now one of the oldest acquaintances I have (or just now have not); some of my happiest hours have been

passed in your company. I hate mincing (except in a case of *veal*.) There is a difference not perhaps existing between *us*, but between you *now* and yourself at other times. They (*on*) say that you have been annoyed with one of my tales, as if any man except a pacha had *more* than one; and our good-natured *friends*—bless them—make out that *you* are personally affected by some of the jokes about the Fagglestones, and other imaginary personages. Now, I verily believe, that if I had read that story to you before it was published, you would have enjoyed it more than any body who has read it; since to ridicule the bad part of a profession can be no satire upon the good; and, as I have said somewhere before, Lawrence might as well be annoyed at the abuse of sign-painters, or Halford angry at a satire upon quacks, as you, personally, with any thing reflecting upon the lower part of the theatrical world.

'From you yourself I verily believe I culled the art of ridiculing the humbugs of the professions. However, why you should suppose that *I*, after having for years (in every way I could) contributed—needlessly, I admit—to support your talents, merits, and character, professional and private, could mean to offend *you*, I cannot imagine. I can only say, that nothing was further from my intention than to wound *your* feelings or those of any other individual living, by what seemed to me a fair *travestie* of a fair subject for ridicule, and which, I repeat, never could apply to *you*, or any man in your sphere or station. Now, the upshot of all *this* is this,—where not the smallest notion of personal affront was contemplated I think no personal feeling should remain. If *you* think so, come and call upon me, or tell me when I may pay *you* a visit. If you don't think so, why say nothing about it, and burn this letter; but do whichever of these things you may, rest assured, I do not forget old associations; and that *I am*, and *shall be*, my dear Mathews, as much yours as ever. And now, having said my say, I remain yours most truly.

'THEODORE E. HOOK.'

To a sterner nature than his to whom it was addressed such an ingenuous appeal must have proved irresistible. Mathews's heart opened once more to the man to whom he was really much attached; and it was settled that Hook should come to the cottage the following day.—He did so, and the friendship thus woundde healed without a scar.

For a man living so entirely in the world—Mr. Hook was not altogether what might be called a man of the world—he retained and cherished a youthful romance of character that was totally at variance with his general bearing and tone of conversation, and inconsistent and incompatible with his habits and associations; and he would have been utterly ashamed to elicit this inherent quality except to those who had known him long and intimately, and with whom he had no dread of its incurring ridicule. Past scenes and attachments of early days, however broken in upon or suspended by the chances and changes of this life, the distractions of time and circumstance, continued to keep a tenacious and remarkable hold upon his memory and affections

During his long term of intimacy with Mr. Mathews, living with him on the most familiar terms of social equality, he professed for him the regard of a younger brother; and at his death manifested even a feminine sensibility of sorrow at the event.

Many able pens will do ample justice to the memory of Theodore Hook. It might well be shewn that his unlooked-for and lamented death is not only a social, but in some measure a political loss. Mr. Hook was a consistent Tory from his earliest youth; and though—as it has herein been previously mentioned—in literature the sun of his genius ‘shewed but half his beams,’ yet as the originator and continual editor of the *John Bull* paper his powers were to a great extent conspicuous, not only in the leading and more important columns of that publication, but in the witty and playful portions.—Of the latter, Mrs. Ramsbottom’s unique cor-

respondence must be mirthfully remembered by all its readers.*

Besides the *John Bull*, his novels, and the biography of Sir David Baird (the only work he prided himself upon,) Mr. Hook’s editorship and contributions, added weight and attraction, during the last years of his life, to the *New Monthly Magazine*. But *he is gone!* Alas, Theodore! thou art ‘pale in the tomb! in the winter-house! Thy friends have bent the red eye over thy grave! They shall seek thee in their halls, but they shall not find thee. Thou shalt come at times to their dreams; thy voice shall remain in their ears; but they shall see thee no more!’

‘Tread lightly o’er his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman.’

*Mrs. Ramsbottom’s was a portrait from an original no longer extant. A lady of title and fashion, known to Mr. Hook some years ago.

From the “Friendship’s Offering” for 1842.

LETTER TO THE DEAD.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

It is the midnight hour—

The house is hush’d and still—

The bell o’ the old church-tower

Sounds loudly o’er the hall:

Yet one pale taper’s light

Sheds radiance on the night;

And while around her elder eye are sleeping,

A young and lovely maid a lone love-watch is keep-
ing.

A love-watch, yet alone,

No other form is there;

Her lips breathe no soft tone

Unto the silent air:

Before her lies the scroll

Where she hath pour’d her soul

Trusting, though seas their aching bosoms part,

That her belov’d shall read the record of her heart.

Her cheek is on her hand—

Her fingers press her brow;

And in his distant land

Her thought are busy now;

She’s on the desert plain—

She’s by the ancient fane;

She’s with him on the lake’s pure star-lit wave;

But never ‘neath the tree that shades his nameless
grave.

She sees his glossy hair,

That the spicy zephyr stirs;

His own blue eyes are there,

And fondly fix’d on hers!

No image doth she see

Of dark reality,

Nor dreams how cold the eye—how stiff the brow

On which her memory dwells delighted now.

And little doth she dream

Of that fond letter’s fate;

How he, who is its theme,

Hath left her desolate:

How every burning word,

So passionately pour’d

For him, and him alone on earth, shall be

Subject to cold and formal scrutiny.

She trusts that it shall lie

Close to his throbbing heart,

And with a happy sigh,

Will see that scroll depart;

Envy its pathway dim

Across the seas to him:

Nor feeling that each hour it draweth near

An eye that cannot read—a heart it cannot cheer!

It will return again

By his cold lips unpressed,

Nor will its fold have lain

Within his icy breast.

How will its coming wring

The heart that was its spring!

The heart, that had no dim, foreboding pain,

That its outgushing love was written there in vain!

From the London New Monthly Magazine for Nov.
JACQUES COCAST, THE HUNCHBACK PHILOSOPHER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

'Thank God for my hunch!' cried Jacques Cocast, then eleven years old, escaped from the pitying hands of Martin Fleau the miller, who casting a compassionate glance at Cocast's unseemly load, exclaimed,

'Well, the saints have burthened thee enough—go, I wouldn't beat a hunchback.'

'Thank God for my lunch!' were the grateful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter-heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their deformed co-mate to the vengeance of the despoiled. The miller, as we have shown was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unbruised.

Jacques Cocast grew up, the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their drudge, their jest, their scapegoat. His good humor turned bitterness itself to merriment, and with at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down, and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

'Out, ye imp of deformity!' cried Cocast's stepmother at least once a-day; whereupon Jacques, to the increasing ire of his father's wife, would meekly cry,

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions, Jacques Cocast made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such friendship. He could read, write, and cypher to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocast's father took sudden pride in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stormed at her stepson with increasing vigor.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling-place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet communings with his book.

Some four years passed on,—when oh, shame to the notary's wife—shame to the fair-haired youth—the faultless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her in her flight her husband's clerk! Great

was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep the revilings of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocast joined in no abuse; but with a fine charity for the inexperience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the temper, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables.

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Jacques Cocast was now a painstaking, philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his shopboard, could look down on many of the vanities of human life. He was now twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart, and make him feel a lessening lead upon his shoulders. Jacques would make one at all village holidays led thereto by his own light heartedness, and of late, furthermore urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicite, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehood of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip; Felicite laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent—exalted, sublimated by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun—vaults like a grasshopper about the earth, and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocast knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest weed, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Now was it otherwise. The eyes of Felicite had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques Cocast should henceforth be the best and the most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Felicite had looked with favor on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and habit it worthy of her who had elicited it as her own. As for his hump, that was gone, yea, vanished, melted in the sunlight of Felicite's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocast would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar; his vestments now barred, and spotted, and burnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Felicite, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidentially clapp their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocast the blissful Adam of this fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocast were opened and he saw his forlornness. It was the day of a *ducass*. In the pride of his heart, and

in all the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Felicite, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving, so complying, so tender! The next dance might be at their own wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the next Sunday! He, the hunchback buoyed by his loving heart, would foot it so lightly, that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dew-drop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers are assembled. The fiddles sound. Jacques Cocast, in all the glory of a new suit, baring like a peacock in a conflict of colors, and in the triumph of a gladdened soul, advances to lead out Felicite, the baker's daughter. Already he has his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger with vice-like power gripes the nose of Jacques Cocast, and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the others bursts from the merry-makers. Jacques Cocast with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetete, a rival of six feet, French measure, with fierce eyes, and parrot nose, glaring and protruding from between raven whiskers, with arms a-kimbo, stands before the tailor. Nevertheless, the soul of Jacques Cocast is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—oh, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rascally wickednesses, ye honied poisons!—Felicite, the baker's daughter, advanced to Hercule, and curtsying, and putting her hand in his—in his hand, yet warm from the outraged nose of her doating lover, signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favor on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocast. He quitted the scene of his past happiness, and in an agony of despair wandered, a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback? Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by over-laden shoulders? What is a beautiful sentiment with a straight-backed, comely man, is a thing for a jest, an excellent joke with a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocast, go home. Sleep not in the fields at nights. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away until, as you complain, your head has grown too little for your hat—but up man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shop-board, thread your needle, heat your goose, and defy love! A friendly Genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocast, for ere a month had passed, the tailor had once more taken to his sober attire, was seated smiling at his work, and it a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of draw-

ing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious—plighted maidens would sigh frequently and look with tender gaze upon their future husband—the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription, with the banishment, the danger, the wounds and death combined in the word to Jacques Cocast? He was a hunchback. His shoulders were exempt by nature from a knapsack.—He was not a comely morsel for glory; he was not worthy of the powder and shot bestowed upon prettier men. No, he was secure in his deformity; his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast, without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance, might linger about the town hall of the *arrondissement*, and learn the fortune of his fellow villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms—as his sister clung about his neck—as his plighted wife, and now their wedding-day was certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang among the crowd; and there were cries of despair, and sobbings as among breaking hearts as the new conscripts told the fate that tore them from their homes.

'Thank God for my hunch!' cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossetete. He looked savage as a snarled ogre; and the baker's beautiful daughter hung on his arm, and was crying her heart out, and vowing between her sobs, that for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid: and Hercule with his fancy listening to the whistling bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Felicite, and bade Heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this? By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetete—no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter; but with a gush of gratitude, he exclaimed,

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Hercule Grossetete went to the wars. For tune that had heaped such obliquity upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fitted Grossetete for the dignity of a grenadier. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching and perhaps, day-dreaming of pillage and epaulettes. We know not what struggles Felicite endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her grenadier that she wedded the son of the village grocer, the grocer's father opportunely dying and leaving his stock and business to his only son.

All the world—that is all the village—believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife. Pierre Chandelles was so meek, so

gentle a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again, Felicite was always the sweetest-tempered girl: there had been curious tales of her sudden passion, but such tales had been trumpeted up by the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Felicite were one; and Jacques Cocast—for in the magnanimity of his soul he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre on account of his wife; besides, Pierre's was the only shop in the village—modestly tapped a sou on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin in bees-wax. Suddenly there was a noise within; Jacques recognized the voice of Felicite, albeit he had never before heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute, and Pierre rushes into the shop followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a customer, heedless of the cries of her husband, demolished an earthen pipkin unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandelles the grocer.

'What did you want?' asked Pierre, with still a vigilant eye to business.

'I'll call again when your wounds are dressed,' said Jacques Cocast; 'in the meantime, thank God for my hunch!'

Years went on, and Jacques Cocast gather-

ed about him the small comfort of the world, and keeping the spirit of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, wandering a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocast was suddenly startled in his reflections by a loud voice.

'For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff.'

The prayer proceeded from a blind soldier, seated on a tree felled near the roadside.

'With all my heart,' cried Cocast. 'Here, empty my box.'

'Alas, good sir!' said the soldier, 'look at me again.'

Cocast looked and saw that the man had lost both his arms.

'You must, indeed, give me the snuff,' said the soldier.

'With all my heart, I say again,' cried Cocast, with the most delicate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran.

'Good Heavens!' suddenly exclaimed Cocast, 'why you are Hercule Grossetete.'

'I am,' answered the soldier. 'And what have you to say to that?'

'What!' Jacques Cocast looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say, 'Thank God for my hunch!'

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocast, thank God for it.

From the London Metropolitan.

LONG, LONG AGO; OR, THE SEA BEAR. A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.'

On a bright winter's morning in the Christmas week of long, long ago, I joined his majesty's ship —, at the Mother-bank, collecting the West India convoy. She was then considered a crack frigate, commanded by a sea-bear, his dog, and his boatswain; and many of my compatriots will recognise the distich of

'Duffy, the boatswain,
And Phillis, the dog,
Rule the —
Under a hog.'

In doing so, that is, joining this fine frigate, I came in contact with two excellent young men, under the same circumstances as myself, viz. ordered a passage out to the *Hercule*, the commander-in-chief's flag-ship at Jamaica.—We were all young lieutenants, with Spanish prize-money in view, and a chance of rapid promotion from pestilence and war. Short sighted mortals—the dictionary now lying by the side of my desk was the gift of one of them, his name Edward Maitland, and a finer young man never graced the naval uniform. Possessed of education superior to the com-

mon run of naval officers, who are taken from school and thrown on the world much too young, (I entered the service at the age of eleven,) the mind was equal to the goodly form, and Maitland was universally a favorite. On our arrival at Jamaica, the admiral appointed him to an active sloop of war cruising on the north side of that island. She had anchored in one of the numerous inlets or bays. The night was calm and sultry, when my friend Maitland had charge of the middle watch. Induced, from excessive lassitude produced by a first acquaintance with this hot climate, this officer reclined on a carronade slide, dreaming of his home, its dear native bowers, and still more precious inmates, when a scuffle, the clashing of swords, and death-groans roused him. Disencumbering himself from his cloak, he called loudly to arms; but ere the words had quitted his lips, the sabre of a private was deeply buried in his breast, and the youth threw his dying eyes over a deck deluged with blood caused, by the look out men, like himself, asleep.

I can imagine, in some degree, the feelings

of remorse that smote him in his dying agonies, from something similar that befel myself, who, at the age of seventeen, was made third lieutenant of a frigate on the Egyptian expedition, and in that capacity had likewise charge of the middle watch. The frigate was standing out from the sandy coast of the Great Desert, with a top gallant breeze, the night serene and dark, the heat intense. After hitting my shins several times against the carronades, the slide of one looked so inviting that I sat down, but it was only to be a minute. Take care, said Caution; life, honor, and property, are in your charge. Only for a minute, and the words were on my lips as I dropped into a deep sleep, too deep even to dream of the happy home of my childhood. The shrill and sharp whistle of a shot, and the violent flapping of the mizen staysail, through which it had passed, made me sufficiently aware of the horrors of my situation, heightened by the cry of alarm from the look-out men, (who had followed their officer's example,) that a ship of war, on our weather quarter, was bearing up, (for the purpose of raking us,) and under our stern she passed, with her battle-lights fully displayed, while a stout voice bellowed through a trumpet, 'What ship is that?'

The captain, undressed, was on deck in time to answer, 'His Majesty's frigate El Carmen.'

'Who commands her?' responded the voice.

'Captain William Selby, who is answering you.'

'This is his Majesty's ship Pique,' said the commodore, 'and my private signals being unanswered for two hours, I took you for an enemy's frigate escaped out of Alexandria. The last shot was directed at you, and I sincerely hope it has done no harm.'

'Nothing further than the loss of the mizen staysail,' replied Captain Selby.

'Very well; thank God!' said the commodore, 'that I did not fire my broadside into your stern, as I was on the eve of doing.— Captain Selby, put the officer of your watch in close arrest, and report his name to me at daylight.'

'You have been asleep, sir,' said the captain, looking daggers at me, who stood silent and aghast during this pithy dialogue, with feelings that could only be envied by the malefactor on the scaffold, who has the rope round his neck. 'The penalty of sleeping on your watch, young sir, is death,' said the captain; 'go down to your cabin; and, sergeant, place a sentinel over the prisoner.'

Long were my cogitations, whether I should save them the trouble of hanging me, by jumping out of the gun-room port, that looked invitingly open for egress; but on mature deliberation, I wisely determined to abide the pelting of the peltilless storm, throwing the onus on my superiors in wisdom as well as power. Although thirty-nine years have whitened my then auburn locks, I have a vivid recollection of my feelings, and can

conceive those of my poor friend Edward Maitland, as in his dying agonies he contemplated the consequences of his carelessness. The sloop of war had been boarded by a piratical felucca out of Hispaniola, which, from the want of lookout, had taken her for a merchant ship, and meant, by the massacre of her crew, to make her a prize, but finding their mistake, got away in the darkness of the night, leaving my poor friend, with many of the watch, dead on the deck.

Poor Edward Maitland, this little book was once thine, and the view of it brings to my mind's eye your goodly form and open animated countenance, when stating your wishes and your prospects, bounded only by the union-jack at the main, for he had Scotch interest and great merit. Alas! his commission as a commander, and the news of murder, reached Jamaica the same day. Peace to thy manes, my gallant friend, till that dread time when even the sharks that entombed these must disgorge their prey.

My other companion, to whom, as he is yet alive, like myself gray, and probably bald from the number that have stepped over his head, I shall give the name of Toms. He has lived, like me, to see the fatality and folly of the sanguine anticipations of youth; and, like me, to endure the proud man's continually, with all that scars the heart and dries up its best emotions. But a truce to moralizing, brought on by the recollection of my friend, and to proceed with my tale of the Sea Bear.

This man, in person and mind, bore greater affinity to the brute creation than the human species. His officers, unable to digest the coarseness of his manners and language, had all deserted him save one: and his first order delivered by the sergeant of marines is no bad specimen of his courtesy.

'Lieutenant Maitland, Toms, and ———, I am desired by the mate to tell you, that if you do not instantly repair to your stations, he will send marines to force you up.'

'Unbearable,' escaped from the tongue of Maitland; 'we will seek the brute on his own quarter-deck.'

And to it we repaired.

'Captain ———,' said my high-spirited friend, 'the matter and delivery of the command we have received, must proceed from the insolence of your sergeant, as it appears to us self-evident that neither an officer nor a gentleman would send such a message, by such an unusual messenger, to officers on half-pay, ordered a passage, and who had not the slightest intimation of your wish for their active services.'

To this the bear growled, in gruff tones, 'Mister, have you stationed these young men?'

'No,' said Mister, who had very lately joined in the capacity of first lieutenant, and a more gentlemanly officer never graced the situation. 'No, sir; I could not think of doing so without your orders.'

'Then damn you, sir, I will show you your duty by performing it myself.' Here, you Mister,' growled Bruin, not in the most dulcet tone, addressing his growl to me, 'you, I suppose, would like to eat the bread of idleness: your station is the fore-castle, and yours the waist,' looking at Maitland; 'and yours, Mr. Toms, the quarter-deck, you shall have charge of the watches; and, by ——,' irreverently using the name of the Most Highest, 'if you do not do your duty, I will break your bread. Now, that is my answer to your insolent speech, young sir. My eye is on you.'

We were then unmooring, as the signal for sailing was flying on the flag-staff at Portsmouth. At this moment a fine manly boy, now high in rank, and an ornament to the service, made his bow to the bear, and announced his return on board.

'Where is the doctor?' growled Bruin.

'I found him confined to bed, sir, apparently very ill; and his medical attendant assured me that removal, in his present state, would affect his life.'

'My order to you was to bring him on board, dead or alive, and I sent two file of marines to enforce it. Sir, you have disobeyed that order, and your duty, henceforth, is in the foretop. Mr. Quillum, degrade that midshipman to the rank of landsman; and, Mr. Duff, keep a sharp eye on him.' He then looked to the boatswain, who flourished his stick in token of approbation.

The youth, who till now, had stood respectfully uncovered, replaced his hat, while his eyes flashed angry defiance at the bear.

So to sea we went for the pestilential climate of Barbadoes and Jamaica, without a medical man of any description on board, though our passengers consisted of a general officer and his staff, the major of whom whispered to me during the above scene, 'I thank my God I am not in the navy.' We had also a commissioner of seventy-five, with a wife of twenty-five, to whom the major paid great attention.

Running through the Needles, with a convoy of more than a hundred sail, which we speedily diminished to half-a-dozen, and finally arrived solus, we had not been long on the passage, when the crowded state of the main-deck, from the unusual quantity of two-year old heifers that Bruin was taking out on speculation, cramped the men in their pastimes; and three of the finest beasts were found dead one morning, having been choked by Guernsey frocks, well greased, during the night. The roaring of the bear was alarming to the lady commissioner, who declared it would deprive her of her appetite to look at meat not killed in the regular way; for Bruin had ordered it to be cured and cooked for his own table.—He was a miser, and a sordid one.

'Captain,' said the general, 'you have a handsome sum allowed for my passage, and it is painful to me to be obliged to him, that we gaudamen are used to gentlemen's fare.'

'The beef is good,' growled Bruin; 'I eat of nothing else—other food shall be provided for you.'

'Then I trust it will appear on your table in an undisguised state.'

'It shall,' growled Bruin.

The officer of the forenoon watch invariably dines with the captain; and the day the above treaty was concluded I had that watch, being the only one of the three that could put up with the gross language of the bear.

'Damn you, sir,' said he to Toms, 'you are taking in that sail like a lubber.'

'I am entitled to respect as an officer of the watch,' said Toms; 'and I will not continue to do duty under such language.'

'O, mutinous!' growled the bear; 'consider yourself a prisoner, and allow no intercourse with him.' To the officer of the guard—'He must swing for this, at the fore-yard.'

My friend Maitland wisely got sick, and the sudden change of climate had affected my health.

'How do you feel yourself to-day?' growled the bear, throwing open the cabin-door.

'Let me see, are you fit for duty?' And he went through the farce of feeling our pulses. 'You are better; I knew the draught and pills I sent you would effect a cure.' Then it must have been on the fishes, thought I, if any could be so foolish as to swallow them; as upon their receipt I consigned them to the deep, deep sea. 'I will put you out of the sick list to-morrow; those pills answer with every person but you,' looking hard at Maitland, who, like myself, wished the fish to receive every benefit they could render. 'I will try another system with your stubborn constitution.'

And the bear rolled off, accompanied by his dog Phillis, who, in appearance, was worthy of her master, the ugliest cur, snappish and cross-grained; yet the beast had a hammock slung in the captain's cabin, and was most carefully put to bed at early hours.

As the sight, alone, of those miraculous pills had cured me, I was struck out of the sick-list, and kept the forenoon watch on the day of the hollow truce established between the captain and general.

'I will lay you a small bet, major,' said I, as we paced the quarter-deck, 'that the captain will not fulfil his part of the agreement; and I will ascertain, when relieved at noon, the different compositions of his hospitable board.' Accordingly I examined Quashie, the black cook, whose reply was, 'A very good dinner, sare, very good; there is a sea-pie.'

'What is it made of, Quashie?'

'Fowls, mutton.'

'What, no beef, Quashie?'

'Yes, massee, plenty of beef, massee; but I no peak.' And Quashie laughed in his peculiar manner.

I saw directly that the spirit of the treaty was violated, and gave information to the major, who was very indignant.

This occasioned an angry remonstrance,

and the early breaking up of our dinner-party. The captain, by a conference with his steward, having understood my share in the disclosure of his ingenious mode of feeding his guests, ordered a reef to be taken in the topsails. 'I will show you how to perform that duty, mister, as I wish it done,' said he to the first luff. 'Mr. Duffy, all hands reef topsails.' He, after a shrill whistle repeated, 'All hands reef topsails, a-hoy; tumble up there, fore and aft.' And the two men placed themselves in the rigging. 'Away aloft.' And up they flew. 'Let go bow lines and lower away the topsails--why don't you let go the foretop-sail haulyards forwards.

'They are gone, sir,' said I.

'They are not gone,' roared he, or else your lifts are foul in the chains.'

'All clear, sir; all gone,' replied I, respectfully; the weatherbrace wants rounding in to spill the sail.

'I say you lie, sir,' roared the bear, and he approached me foaming at the mouth with passion, and flourished his trumpet with such an intention of striking me down.

With folded arms, to indicate that I made no resistance, I pointed out everything clear; but stamping on the deck, he ordered a cabin to be fitted for me on the main-deck, there to remain a close prisoner under the charge of a sentinel.

Upon this order I made no comment, but walked directly to the gun-room, where the marine officer, now high in rank and an ornament to his profession, soon came to express his regret that he was compelled to enforce the captain's orders, which were, to place me in close confinement between two guns on the main-deck. To this arbitrary and unusual proceeding I expressed my dissent in strong terms, declaring that nothing but physical force (to which I would oppose all the resistance in my power) should induce me to quit the gun-room, to which my situation as lieutenant of the *Hercule* entitled me under an Admiralty order, for a passage. The high rank of his passengers, and their unfavorable disposition towards him who had styled the general a glutton and the commissioner an old fool, was a check on the brute's further proceedings, and I carried my point of associating with my messmates.

The frigate had many supernumerary midshipmen, and the fate of one of them was so peculiarly tragic, that I trust my readers' patience will follow me through the detail of what happened 'Long, long ago.' This young gentleman had come out on the prospect of being provided for by the yellow fever (a strong auxiliary of the Admiralty in silencing importunate claimants,) or promotion. He got the latter by hard service and good conduct, and was appointed to command the *Hercule's* tender, a schooner that carried more sail than ballast. One morning, at the east end of Jamaica, she was surprised by that curious phenomenon a water-spout, that threw her completely over, and the schooner

disappeared, leaving the commander, eight men, and her boat, that fortunately had not been lashed, floating on a calm unruffled sea. The commotion occasioned by the whirlwind having subsided--'Right the boat, men, quickly, for your lives; the sharks, the horrid sharks will be upon us.'

The boat was floating bottom upwards, and eager hands and shoulders succeeded in righting her, but in such a hurried way as to be nearly full of water, and in consequence very tender, (that is, easily upset.) The lightest and most active lad was now ordered by the commander to get into the boat, and commence bailing with his cap, the only thing available among these unfortunates, he having raised him with one hand for the purpose; the youth, with convulsive shuddering, uttering the dreadful word, 'Shark, shark!' fell down on the gunwale, and again the boat turned bottom upwards. The splash and desperate efforts of the crew, for they worked as despairing men of strong sinews will work to escape the dreadful fate so closely impending, in some measure scared and altered the direct attack of the monster, who swerved, and swept in circles round the hapless beings, showing his hateful fin high above the troubled waters--before so placid.

'Shout loudly, men,' cried the officer, 'and bale away, lad, without looking at the shark,' (who kept narrowing his circles as he swiftly passed around them.) 'God is able to deliver us, even in this great extremity; avoid getting into the boat until she is more buoyant, but splash the water about with all the noise you can make.'

A violent rush, a terrific scream of agony, and the disappearance of one of the stout seamen, followed by a crimson tinge on the waters, attested the voracity of this scourge of the sea.

'He will gorge himself of poor Tom,' said the commander, inexpressibly shocked, 'and we are freed, if the blood,' (here he checked his disclosure, for he well knew that the scent of blood would draw myriads around them) 'Life Jack carefully in too; bale with your hands, Jack--quickly, quickly; for I see their dreadful fins appearing all around--oh! God of mercy, shield us.'

Another rush, and piercing shrieks curdled their blood, as the fish with difficulty drew an herculean, well-formed man beneath the surface.

All was now wild commotion--caution and order had given place to paralysing fear, and each man grasped madly at the boat; but providentially for those in her, the ravenous monsters carried off in their jaws every floating man before he could upset the boat, in his mad efforts to save himself from the horrible death in view. The violent struggle of the monsters for their prey, when two of them seized the same person; the imprecations and oft-times prayers of those in the boat, which floated in a sea of blood, as they attempted, by stretching their hands, to save

their sinking shipmates, who, with starting eye-balls and wild gestures, cried to them for succor;—the scene is too dreadful further to contemplate, or fully attempt to portray; the dread reality is often endured by those 'who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters.'

The wretched youth in command was, by the exertions of the lads in the boat, extricated from the jaws of two ravenous monsters, each of whom had seized and carried off a leg, and the bleeding trunk of the youth was hauled into the boat, to undergo a more languishing death from loss of blood. The poor boys, nearly dead with fear and apprehension, did their best to stop the bleeding by passing some rope-yarns round the stumps, which were greatly shattered and jagged by the teeth of the monsters, who had apparently splintered the thigh-bone up to the hips.—Heavy groans attested the sufferings of the hapless youth, but they got fainter and fainter, as he extended his hands towards the island with an imploring look of anguish, till welcome death relieved him from his intolerable misery.

The death of their commander, under such shocking circumstances, left the youths, (for they were but striplings,) in comparative quietude. With heads bowed upon their knees and hearts paralyzed with fear, and nearly broken from the distressing scenes they had witnessed, afraid to look each other in the face, where ghastly despair sat enthroned, they shuddered at every shock the boat sustained from the ravenous fish jostling and crossing her in all directions, being attracted by the taint of blood issuing from the ill-fated commander.

'The devils will be in the boat or upsther, if we do not throw the body to them; lend me a hand, Tom,' and overboard went the useless trunk of a formerly good-looking youth, but a few hours since loving and beloved. Most true, that 'in the midst of life we see death.' The disappearance of a host of fins, diving for the body, gave breathing-time to the lads, who threw a despairing gaze on the wide and open sea; the loom of the blue mountains, seen in the distance, alone soothed their inquietude; but they were devoid of any means of reaching it; no oars, no sails, and the worst of all the negatives, no fresh water. But they dipped their upper garments alongside, and placed them on their fevered bodies, by which they absorbed moisture sufficient to keep them from maddening with thirst. One of our numerous cruisers fortunately took them on board—more fortunate than the Go-along's gig, with the captain and crew, have never yet been heard of, though it happened long, long ago, as detailed in my 'Nelsonian's Reminiscences.'

This is a long digression from the subject of my friend Bruin, whose acts are chronicled in the West Indian memories of that period. We reached Barbadoes at so sickly a time, that no medical man could be procured,

though a frigate lay in the bay; but she had buried the captain and two lieutenants out of the three, while we, without any person save the captain, (whose physic nobody but the fish took,) in the shape of a doctor, were perfectly healthy, and lost not a man until we reached Port Royal, when we recruited our medical staff, and the yellow fever followed, making great ravages among the youthful part of our community. One of its victims I much lamented, the handmaiden of the old commissioner's young wife. To think that the land-crabs should feast on that beautiful form, and deface that cheek that rivalled the peach in bloom; in fact, she was one of those roses so common to English peasantry. Animated with delight at the prospect of seeing the world, she left her cottage and happy home to feed the most frightful vermin that infest the palisades of Port Royal, useful in acting as scavengers to the burying-ground, so denominated. In the words of Mrs. Hemans, I address her sorrowing mother:—

'But there is a world that knows no blight,
You will find her there with her eyes of light,
When ye go where the loved who have left ye dwell,
This flower is not death's; fare ye well, fare ye well.'

When the high lands of that beautiful island Jamaica, called the Blue Mountains, showed their heads above the deep blue sea, Bruin assembled all the mutinous, seditious, and contumacious officers he had carried out under arrest, with the new post-captain, (then acting as foretopman of the frigate,) and addressed them as follows,—'Gentlemen, some of you I could hang, and the others I could break their bread; but you are all young, and my disposition is merciful; (no person was before aware of it;) I shall say nothing further of your faculty conduct; you are at liberty. And, Mr. Quillum, restore Mister ——— to his grade as midshipman. You will resume your station on the quarter-deck, sir, and strictly obey your orders in future.'

Thus amicably concluded my service with the Bear, his dog, and his boatswain. The only officer who stuck by the frigate was a young lieutenant, who had great interest as a relative of Mr Pitt's, then prime minister, and consequently every reason to expect rapid promotion in that unhealthy clime. He was sociable, good-natured, and talented, giving indications of a master-mind, but the restless fever bowed his lofty head, and he was carried to the palisades, making use of the language recognised there, 'as gemman, and not like kaley beggar.' It costs about one hundred pounds to merit that eulogium.

On appearing before the commander-in-chief, who had worked his way upward by dint of hard service and good conduct to his present high station, he seemed at a loss what to do with so many supernumerary officers as his Majesty's frigate poured upon him, and all appointed to his flag-ship. 'You must remain on board the frigate, for the present,' said the

admiral, 'till I can see in what manner I can best place you for the advantage of the service.' In you I recognise one of my youngsters in the *Barfleur* and *Foudroyant*.'

The veteran had been my captain in those ships from the early part of the year 1795, and a kind-hearted, worthy man I found him; he had struggled through a long life of difficulty, made an excellent fortune during the Spanish war, got thrown from his horse, lingered, and died; but previous to this finale he appointed me first lieutenant of the old sloop, commanded by the young captain, now a flag-officer of very high repute, and most deservedly a knight commander of the Bath. Having battered both hat and head until I had learnt to practise a stooping position, so necessary to the accommodation afforded by this old sloop, and endeavored to be on peaceable terms with the scorpions, centipedes, and cockroaches that infested her, I substituted a jean jacket for my coat, and took my station, as appointed, in the gun-room, at dinner, with a most facetious, pleasant fellow for a doctor, in addition to the messmates formerly commemorated in scenes in the West Indies. 'As you are a Johnny Newcome,' said the doctor, after the toast of 'a bloody war and a sickly season' had been duly honored, with some interesting information relative to the dead, the dying, and the convalescent, 'I conjecture you have not heard the story of the pig?'

'I have not yet had that pleasure,' replied I.

'Good,' said he, rapping the table as a call of attention. 'Silence, gentlemen, while I enlighten the obtuse intellects of this green-horn. Once upon a time, and that at not a very remote period, our dear country, young gentleman, possessed an admiral famous in story, and standing high as a valiant and fortunate officer, much renowned in arms; but as nothing human is perfect, this admiral possessed an alloy, like a bright spot in the sun, that sullied his brightness: he was a very covetous, (an anti-seaman-like vice,) and, for the sake of filthy lucre, carried a number more pigs than were required for his own table, to fatten on his Majesty's pen-soup, served out at the hour of noon in his Majesty's ships.—The ship bearing his flag was cruising not a hundred miles distant of the latitude and longitude we are now in, and with topgallant sails, courses and gib, was, on a beautiful day, standing inshore with the squadron he commanded. All at once this far-famed officer appeared on the quarter-deck, agitated and without his hat.

'Shorten sail, and heave-to, sir,' commanded he in peremptory tones; 'lower down a boat, and save the pig. I am astonished at your want of look-out, and your want of humanity in leaving the poor pig to be gobbled up by the sharks. Be handy with the boat, sir.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' said the officer.

'Watch and idlers, shorten sail, pipe the yellow cutters away there.'

'In the midst of the bustle thus created, the admiral's steward whispered his master, 'The pig, sir, is not yours, but belongs to the ward-room.'

'Are you quite sure?'

'I am, and have just counted yours.'

'Fill the maintop-sail again, and make sail—keep fast the boat. Poor piggy, you must die,' throwing on the pig a glance of great commiseration.

'The admiral had a character for humanity and kindness of heart, and appeared much shocked as he saw a shark about four yards long make a narrow circle around the animal, who showed wonderful instinct and terror of his dread foe, and made a clean leap out of the water. As the monster darted upon him, the snap of his teeth was heard as he closed his ponderous jaws on the hind quarters of poor piggy, leaving the water much discolored, and the death shriek, or squeak or agony, ringing in the admiral's ears.'

'Capitally told, doctor. Gentlemen, I propose the doctor's health in a bumper, with three times three,' said my commercial messmate, the purser, who had not then purchased the tight fit I hereafter obliged him with.

'Johnny Newcome, my boy,' called the doctor the following morning; 'mark that officer pulling seaward.'

'I do. A stout, gentlemanly, good-looking, young and healthy man.'

'The land-crabs will eat him in less than a month. Mark my words, he is a man of great interest, sent out to be the first promoted, and fortified against the climate by the sage advice of the cleverest doctors in London, and owing to that he is drinking his spruce, and inhaling the sea-breeze. To prevent the yellow fever is constantly on his mind, and gives a predisposition to take it. He will only require six feet on the palisades in half that number of weeks.'

The doctor was perfectly right, and his prediction was fulfilled with unerring accuracy.

TOM ALLEN

Death has lately swept from Greenwich hospital the above-named Tom Allen, celebrated by Captain Chamier under the title of 'Ben Brace,' the last of the Agamemnons.—He was the faithful body servant of the great Lord Nelson when I was his signal midshipman in the *Foudroyant*, selected from the waist of the Agamemnon by Lord Nelson for some daring deed, and constituted his valet or gentleman out of livery. Clumsy, ill-formed, illiterate, and vulgar, his very appearance created laughter at the situation he held; but his affectionate, bold heart made up for all deficiencies; and, next to Lady Hamilton, Tom Allen possessed the greatest influence with his heroic master.

'You (or as he in his Norfolk dialect pronounced it *yow*) are to dine with my lord to-day,' said he to me, on the anniversary of the fourteenth of February.

'I cannot, Tom, for I have no clean shirt,

and we have been so long cruising off Malta, that my messmates are in the same plight.'

'But yow must, for my lord insists on meeting all those that were at the battle of St. Vincent at dinner this day.'

'Make the best excuse you can for me, Tom, for I really cannot go.'

Away waddled Tom, very much like a heavy-laden ship rolling before the wind, and the best excuse the simplicity of his mind suggested was the truth.

'Muster so-and-so has no clean shirt, and he coon't dine with you to-day.'

'What ship was he in, Tom?'

'The Barfleur.'

'Then tell him to appear in my cabin in the one he has now on, and he may send the first clean one that comes into his possession for me to look at.'

Thus saying, the admiral resumed his pace, conversing with Captain Hardy on the possibility of attacking the French fleet of twice our force, then lying in Vardo Bay.

'If the Portuguese were but English'—(Lord Nelson here alluded to the Marquis de Neiza's squadron, six sail of the line, acting with our fleet)—'if they were but English, Hardy, we would beat them like stock-fish. As it is, I long to be at them, for I do not feel easy, in cruising off Marittimo with twelve fine ships of the line, (not counting our friend the marquis's squadron, who is good for something,) while thirty of them brave us in Vardo Bay. What say you Hardy? shall we have at them, sink or swim? We ensure a monument in Westminster Abbey.' And frequently the gallant admiral has been heard to exclaim, while pacing the deck occupied by his own reflections, and in imagination fighting the battle of Vardo Bay, 'Now for a monument in Westminster Abbey!'

We were cruising off Marittimo with a combined squadron of eighteen sail-of-the-line for the defence of Sicily, menaced by a French fleet with troops lying in Vardo Bay near Genoa, and Lord Nelson would have sunk, with all his gallant fleet, before they could have effected a landing. His gratitude to the Neapolitan court was enthusiastic and unbounded, and he held life in light estimation compared with their welfare. Indeed, their munificent gifts, their admiration, I can almost say adoration, of our Norfolk hero, whose ship in their ports was always surrounded by their boats filled with Italians, while bands of music thundered forth, 'See the conquering hero comes,' and when he showed himself, shouts of applause rent the sky. In fact, their anxiety was of the same engrossing nature as the people of the West to behold Bonaparte in Plymouth Sound; and he must have been more or less than human not to have felt elated at such demonstrations of affection.

'They never, Hardy, while I live, shall pollute the soil of Sicily with their hateful presence,' said the Duke of Bronte and Nelson, as he quitted the deck to adorn himself

with all his hard-won honors, which were to decorate his diminutive person on this gala day.

At last the sounds of the roast-beef of Old England struck on my hearing and gladdened my heart, for I had shied my breakfast, (not very inviting by-the-by,) and shook the reefs out of my waistcoat to do honor to the noble lord's face, who, with a fascinating smile, beckoned me, as being the youngest, to sit on his right hand, or where the right hand should have been, if it had not been forcibly carried from its post by the Frenchman's ball. During the clatter of knives, (for from their appetites most of the company, which was numerous, seemed to have imitated my example at the early meal of breakfast,) Tom Allen's voice, (which was far from musical, and rather forte than piano,) addressed the captain of a dashing frigate, noted for not thinking small beer of himself.

'Captain Coffield, may I be so bold as to ask how Tom Smith is?'

Tom Smith was a foretopman of the dashing frigate which had joined us that day from a cruise. Captain Coffield dropped his knife and fork, and raised his eye glass with a stare of astonishment at honest Tom, who, nothing daunted, repeated the question. Lord Nelson's indignation now found vent in words.

'Quit the cabin, Tom Allen—I really must get rid of that impudent lubber. I have often threatened, but somehow he contrives to defeat my firm intentions—he is faithful, honest, and attached, with great shrewdness mixed with his simplicity, which is unbounded. He lost his stern frame in the action we are assembled to commemorate, nursed me tenderly at Santa Cruz, and is a townsman. I mention these things, Captain Coffield in palliation of his freedom, and shall be glad to take wine with you.'

The captain lowered his eye-glass, and raised his wine-glass, while he bowed to the sunny smiles that oftentimes irradiated the melancholy and rather homely visage of Lord Nelson. During the foregoing scene I had persevered with great steadiness in my desperate attack on the savory viands of the admiral's hospitable board; and he, most probably thinking a little liquid desirable for me, pushed towards me what he jocosely termed his own bottle—that is, it contained Bronte made from his own estate—and requested me to take wine with him. Drawing my breath with greater freedom than I had for the previous half hour done, I ventured to look off my plate, and beheld the good-natured smile I have before described, and received the bow of the hero of a hundred battles, decorated in all the brilliancy of stars and garters. This was an epoch in my life, and I treasure the remembrance.

The cloth had disappeared, the chaplain had returned thanks, in which I cordially joined, for I really felt grateful for the best blowout I had enjoyed for months. Though his lordship ate sparingly of the simplest fare,

the splendid table he kept would have afforded gratification to the most fastidious gourmand, and at that period of my life I looked to quantity more than quality; so much so, that an eminent officer, now high in rank, desired his steward, whenever he was honored by my company, to dress an additional joint. His lordship, after taking a bumper in honor of the glorious victory of the year ninety-seven, addressed me in a bland tone.

'You entered the service at a very early age to have been in the action off St. Vincent?'

'Eleven years, my lord.'

'Much too young,' muttered his lordship.

At this moment Tom Allen pushed in his bullet head with an eager gaze at his master, and after a little consideration approached the admiral.

'Yow will be ill if you takes any more wine.'

'You are perfectly right, Tom, and I thank you for the hint. Hardy, do the honors.—And, gentlemen, excuse me for retiring, for my battered old hulk is very crazy—indeed, not seaworthy.'

And the greatest naval hero of the day was led from his own table by his faithful and attached servant, after drinking five glasses of wine.

Upon the death of that hero, this excellent man drained the bitter cup of poverty to its very dregs, and would have been consigned to Burnhamthorpe workhouse by his grateful country, had not a worthy philanthropist (with whose friendship I am honored) rescued him from such degradation by bringing his hard case to the knowledge of that great and good man, the late Sir Thomas Hardy, who made him pewterer of Greenwich Hospital, from which comfortable situation death removed him in a very summary manner, leaving his old dame a burthen on the finances of my most humane and excellent friend, who had formerly preserved them from the cold comforts of a workhouse. The Father of all will reward him.

A scene which displays the utmost infantine simplicity of Tom Allen's mind, occurs now to mine, nor am I aware, without looking over my Nelsonians, if I have before related it. When the king of Naples of that day joined his Majesty's ship *Foudroyant* in his own Bay of Naples, being afraid to land in his own capital, which was convulsed and torn to pieces by political rancour, and saturated with blood by those hell-hounds that disgraced the human form, and were embodi-

ed under the Lord Primate, Cardinal Ruffo, by the derisive title of *Christian Army*—when he stepped from his own frigate on our quarter deck, Lord Nelson, with the officers of seventeen British ships of the line, were assembled in full fig to receive him; we were likewise crowded with ambassadors and ambassadresses, generals, princes and potentates. The king was a good-looking man, of middle age and healthy appearance, and with great good nature gave his hand to be kissed by any person who fancied such absurd custom an honor. Among the rest our worthy Tom Allen received it with the unmeaning English salutation of 'How do you do, Mishster Allen?' delivered in jargon between Italian and English. Mishster Allen, as the king called him, gave the said hand a squeeze that appeared to me to convey to its royal owner anything but pleasure, with a truly Norfolk shake that I thought likely to effect a dislocation of that useful member from the shoulder, and a coarse growl of 'I hope you are well, Muster King? How do you do, Muster King?' This Norfolk mode of salutation created astonishment in the king and courtiers, anger in Lord Nelson, and great mirth of Lady Hamilton and her fair coterie, who, approaching honest Tom, tried to persuade him to kneel down and ask permission to kiss his Majesty's hand; but Tom gruffly declared he never bent his knee but in prayer, and he feared that was too seldom.

When under fire from the forts of Valette, which hulled the ship, and knocked away our foretopmast, this faithful servant interposed his bulky form between those forts and his little master, who was in a towering rage with his nephew, Sir William Bottom, for allowing her to drift into such a dangerous position.—This affectionate domestic watched his lordship with unceasing attention, and many times have I seen him persuade the admiral to retire from a wet deck or a stormy sea to his bed. In fact, he, like Lady Hamilton, upon the death of the heroic Nelson, was consigned to oblivion and miserable poverty.

'Behold him stalk along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected,
View him begging for relief,
And see him disregarded;
Then view the anguish in his eye—
And say our Tar's rewarded.'

Peace to the manes of honest Tom Allen!

'For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.'

Old songs by Dibdin, who is likewise passing his age in miserable poverty.

From the Metropolitan

THE ITALIAN EXILE.

Few districts in Italy—and if not there, I should like to know what other country of the known world—have been more bountifully dealt with by nature than that long strip of land that lies between the Apennines and the Po down to the Adriatic, and which, from the old Roman road that traverses it in all its length, derived its classical name of *Emilia*. It embraces both the duchies of Parma and Modena, as well as the northern provinces of the Papal states, and was the main theatre of those revolutionary vicissitudes of 1831 which I have taken upon myself to record.

The Cispadane region, or Emilia, has, then, all the fertility without the flatness and sameness of the opposite or Transpadane Lombardy. The verdant ridges of the distant Apennine chain branch out in every direction, gracefully sloping downwards with endless variety to the main road. Those ancient subduers of the earth, no less than of its inhabitants, the Romans, drove their military highway right at the foot of the lowest hills, over the swampy ground which they rescued from the inundation of lawless streams. Upon those marshes, at the distance of ten, twelve or fifteen miles from each other, their infant colonies arose. Each colony, by turns, became a thriving and populous city, and the day has been when each of those cities constituted an independent and flourishing state. Their power and glory, as well as their freedom, have set long since; but Nature, ever true to herself, continued to lavish her gifts with unbounded luxuriance; and the population, whom either war or commercial enterprise had tended to condense and confine within their town-walls, have, in days of comparative security, gradually gone back to the soil, whose sources remained still inexhaustible, and spread over the land, clustering in hamlets and villages, especially all along the main road, so that the interval between town and town has often the appearance of a prolonged suburb.

These remarks chiefly apply to that part of the Emilian way I was now travelling through, bound, as the reader may perhaps recollect, on my exploring expedition to Reggio. Rich and fertile as our own Parmese lands may be said to be, they are little better than a desert when compared with the hills and plains of the neighboring territory. I had now crossed the bridge of the Enza, at the distance of five miles from our metropolis, and at St. Ilario, a little village on the plain, had set my foot on what the Duke of Modena rather emphatically calls his "*Dominii Estensi*." At every step, as I proceeded, the green of the meadows seemed to become a few shades deeper, the grass grew denser, and the timber shot up more boldly and majestically aloft. An air of greater comfort and plenty diffused itself over the land: the whitewashed cottages, most of them built immediately by the road-side, were kept in excel-

lent trim; the ark-like populousness and confusion of the poultry-yards, the hugeness and sleekness of the horned cattle, and the glowing eye, the bronze-colored cheeks of the open-mouthed rustics, soon made me aware that I was riding over the very fat of the land. Whether tenanted or not, every cottage door was invitingly thrown open; and though the huge oak-branch hanging on almost every third door is generally understood as the emblem of an inn or wine-cellar, yet hospitality is nowhere perhaps of a less venal description than in this region, where the laborer, blessed with God's bounties far above his wants, and placed in an absolute political impossibility of turning them to any commercial purpose, must be willing to share them with every one who applies to him in the Giver's name. And this must, to a certain degree, account for that infinite number of mendicants who prove such a plague to our foreign visitors, and have reflected so much disgrace upon the country, but which, in fact, ought to be looked upon as the best argument in favor of the inexhaustible fertility of the land, the operative part of whose population can, without inconvenience, maintain the other half in idleness and beggary.

Behind the cottages, behind the fence of their gardens, the grounds immediately rise. From that first gentle, almost imperceptible swell of the land, to the highest crest of the Apennine, for a long track of forty or fifty miles, it is only a slow, gradual, almost unbroken acclivity. Here and there, where occasionally the descent of a mountain torrent lays a larger extent of country open to the view, the eye can almost embrace the whole range of the hills, from the vine-clad undulations bordering upon the road, upward to the cloud-hooded summit of Mount Cimone, rising more than four thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean. It is a vast and sublime spectacle, and the picturesque ruins of numerous castles, rising bare and bleak on the brows of apparently inaccessible cliffs, and at every turning of the road a fresh interest to the enrapturing scene. Each of those spectre-like remnants of feudalism, teems with the memorials of the past—not with some obscure, superstitious legends, such as illustrate the hawknest of a German baron on the Rhine, or the rude dwelling of a highland chieftain near Loch Lomond—but with the ever-verdant records of heroes whose names are familiar to all who read, whose undying fame shall endure when the very corner-stone of those massive piles shall be erased from the face of the land. There, in a deep, narrow dell, lie the cumbrous ruins of the Castle of Guardasone, with its *Guardiola*, or watch-tower, on the neighboring hill; not far is Montechiaro, with its four white battlemented turrets, as light, bright, and gay as fairy-work. From these castles, five hundred years ago, issued, followed by their mailed partizans, Piero de Rossi on one side, and Azzo da

Correggio on the other, to dye the plain with the best blood of the land—the one the noblest warrior, the other the most accomplished lord of his age, the friend and host of Petrarch, whose peaceful retreat lies down yonder in that silent valley of *Selsa Piava*, where the ploughman will still show you the poet's cottage and his favorite walk. Opposite, on the bank of the Enza, you may see Canossa, Rossena, and the other *Quattro Castelli*, the tenements of the high-souled countess Matilda, whose sway extended over the whole of the Tuscan Apennines. Canossa, her favorite residence, after nearly eight centuries, still stands sound and entire. On the broad flag-stones of that castle's court-yard there knelt once, for three days and three dreary winter nights, one of the proudest German Cæsars, suing in vain for a reconciliation with a still prouder Roman pontiff. Three days and three nights did the stubborn priest remain in the castle-halls, equally deaf to the supplications of the humbled monarch, and to the remonstrances and solicitations of his noble hostess. At last the kaiser was admitted into the pontifical presence—he threw himself on the ground before him to kiss the sandal of the fisherman's successor;—the inexorable priest laid his foot on the anointed head of the prostrated man, exulting at a victory which gave the altar such an unbounded ascendancy over the throne.

Not many miles farther, hidden among the vines, the juice of whose grapes is so deservedly famous in Italy, you find the castle of Matteo Maria Boiardo, count of Scandiano, the Don Quixote as well as the Cervantes of Italy. Here the noble bard found shelter against the cares of courtly life. Among the tenements of these fair domains, you find still descendants of those good peasants with whose high-sounding names the poet was pleased to baptize his Mandricardo, Gradasso, Sobrino, and the other heroes of his 'Orlando.' It was in these groves that, whilst hunting one day, the name of his most tremendous pagan knig it, Rodomonte, occurred to his thoughts. Soon giving his horse the spur, and crying out *Eureka*, with all the might of his voice, he galloped back to his castle, ordered the bells to be rung and the cannons fired, as if for the canonization of a new saint, to the great surprise and dismay of the rustics, who wondered what new madness had seized their eccentric landlord. Vast and mighty as the fancy of the bard of Scandiano may be, we cannot say, '*non surrexit major*,' for, only a few years later, only at a few miles' distance, there was born a man whose reputation was almost entirely to eclipse his own, and who, whilst aiming to re-model and complete Boiardo's wide undertaking, was to cast his predecessor far into the shade. On the entrance of a humble house near the citadel of Reggio, you may still read the inscription, '*Qui natus Ludovico Ariosto*.'

I have designedly lingered on the road, only to make my readers aware that there are more interesting spots in our dear, noble Italy, than are generally dreamt of by foreign tourists.

Here, in a ride of a few miles, and scarcely ever deviating from a well-travelled main road, I have been able to point out such shrines of bygone glory, such monuments of ah-

cient valour and genius, as may well repay the attention that any intelligent traveller would bestow upon them. But your tourist, is an imitative creature, that seldom or never ventures one step out of the beaten track. For him there is no Italy out of the tottering palaces of Venice, or of the mouldering walls of the Coliseum.—What does he know of the Emilia, unless it be the Bologna sausages and Parmesan cheese?—Himself gifted with very little discrimination or sense of the beautiful, he is a perpetual echo of the opinions of his predecessors. Byron told him to sigh on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' to stare at the 'Venus that loves in stone';—his journey is traced out by Mariana Starke to a minute and to a penny; at Naples, the *Vegione* and the show-er of sugar-plums; at Rome, the *Grandola* and the mummeries of passion week. Really John Bull, so sensible a creature at home, is little better than a grown child abroad. His types of the Italian character are the half-naked lazzaroni that crowd and harass him on the Molo at Naples, and among whom he flings a handful of *grani*, to enjoy the fun of setting them by the ears, or to see them swallow a yard of macaroni at one breath. He has no will, no taste of his own. He never sets his foot beyond the boundaries of English Italy, the most hackneyed, corrupted, and irreclaimably dead part of the country. Were I to take a party of enterprising discoveries on a trip along our sublime Apennines, and costumes they are still utterly unacquainted—

But no, by Heaven, better no! Never let foreign gold, luxuries, and corruption, penetrate the *terra incognita* of these innocent valleys: for, if you complain of the blighting influence of continental manners on English morals, the charge brought against the example set to our people by English and other foreigners residing among us, is neither less loud, nor, perhaps, less well-grounded and just. Certainly, the difference between the favorite haunts of fashionable foreign idlers, and the districts hitherto secure against their invasions, is sufficiently striking; and if I were to affirm that I have lived in villages where neither fields nor vineyards were ever walled or fenced—where 'all that apparatus of men and things which they call justice,' scarcely ever makes its appearance, because scarcely ever needed—where even the most absurd half-pagan superstitions of Catholicism assume a harmless and holy character—where theft and murder are hardly ever heard of—adultery and irreligion as utterly unknown as in ancient Sparta,—I fear that I could meet with no belief in this country; and as, for a considerable part, the scene of my juvenile exploits lay among these remote and unexplored regions, this true and conscientious narrative must have all the appearance of an improbable fiction.

But to our tale. I had stopped at the *Albergo della Posta* at St. Ilario, and giving my own good charger to the keeping of my host, I mounted one of the lean but swift post-horses, and was consequently followed by one of the equally lean post-boys, without whose escort no traveller is trusted with any horse or other conveyance belonging to the establishment.

The boy—whom I immediately dignified into

a squire—the *oy* was a veteran soldier, who, after having followed Napoleon's armies to Russia and Germany, had offered himself as a postillion to the *Locandiere* of his native village, till his hair had been blanched and his shoulders vaulted in his service.

He was on that road, a well known and popular personage, and, as such, he would fain have claimed the privilege of riding side by side with his employer, entertaining him with his twice-fought battles of the Raab and the Beresina; but seeing he had to deal with a romantic, and therefore an unmanageable customer—an admirer of silence and scenery—he left me to the company of my thoughts, and dropping behind, engaged in a desultory conversation with the comely housewives and tidy housemaids who stood singing and spinning at the door of most cottages, and who never failed to bestow a ready smile and a good-humored '*buon giorno*' on the lonely wayfarer.

We set out from St. Ilario, with all the honors of cracking whips and blowing horns, at a brisk, business-like trot, intended, I suppose, as a display of the speed and mettle of the steeds, and the smartness and elegance of the postillion, before the eyes of the astonished natives; but once out of sight, my conductor, at my request, slackened his pace, and we rode on cautiously and leisurely, both because I did not wish to venture into Reggio without previous knowledge of the state of things in that place, and because I wished to keep my horse's wind and strength unbroken for all unforeseen contingencies.

We arrived without any accident at the bridge of the Crostolo, a torrent that crosses the main road, at the distance of less than three miles from the gate of Reggio, when we overtook on our way a fat old priest, who was journeying in the same direction with us, mounted on a beautiful mule, which, lusty as she was, groaned under the clergyman's weight, like Charon's barge, loaded with living stock, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

'Good morning to you, Don Gaetano,' said I, guessing his name from his look. There is always a correspondence between a man's name and his outward appearance.

The priest started.

'You have no time to lose, I am thinking, if you wish to say mass before noon.'

The priest started.

'They are very liberal, I am told, at the Duomo, and you would not, I am sure, give up your day's work for a *scudo*.'

The priest shook his head.

'You are a pretty young gentleman,' said he, 'and well informed about other people's concerns. Yes,' he continued, dealing a smart blow on the mule's neck, 'I must make haste, as you say, or I may be too late for the *Te Deum*.'

'The *Te Deum*,' I exclaimed. 'What, to celebrate the Jesuits' expulsion from the dominions of Este?'

'To solemnise his highness's return into his states,' replied the priest, gravely and bitterly, 'and to put an end to those scenes of tumult and scandal which young sparks like you called the constitution.'

It was now my turn to wince.

'Soh! your *Duchino* has come back, has he? Good tidings for the gentlemen of your cloth! And pray, did he march against his rebellious subjects at the head of a procession of monks?'

'Heled his own battalions, and the troops of his august cousin, the emperor of Austria, whom Heaven in his mercy protect!'

'Amen,' said I rather sulkily; 'and may all the priests that pray for him, or for Francis of Modena, meet with the fate of Don Innocenzo Malerbi.'

Don Incanzo, a priest of great integrity and virtue, was condemned to death as a Carbonaro, and suffered with rare heroism at Modena, in 1821.

The priest looked at me with a smirk.

'I see that you are an arrant brigand,' quoth he, 'but for all that we wont quarrel—and rot me, my dear fellow, if I would not rather say mass for the duke and emperor's souls than sing a *Te Deum* for their victory; but, hang it, why didn't ye hold out more stoutly? We country parsons were all in your favor. But we can't frighten back an Austrian regiment as we would exorcise a legion of devils; and, hang it, the *Te Deum* is to be a showy affair, and the alms are six *lire* (little above a shilling) a piece.'

'It is a mighty temptation to be sure,' said I, 'who had good reasons to humor the selfish notions of the selfish priest. 'But,' I added, 'the Austrians; have you seen them? where are they? how many are they?'

'Have I seen them?' echoed the priest; 'how should I, if they just took their quarters in the citadel this morning? But I have seen one of the cockaded young men from town, who had just cut his stick the moment the gate was closed, and the town put in a state of seige.'

'The gate closed! and how, in the name of all wonders, do you expect to get in then? you are no spirit, or hobgoblin, meseemeth, that you may smuggle in through the key-hole.'

'Ha! ha! you little know of the wonders that this collar and hat have power to operate. The Austrians are a pious and reverent race. No sooner had they settled in their new barracks, than they promulgated their orders for a universal thanksgiving, and invited all the ministers of the gospel to officiate.'

'I see they are excellent customers, and their emperor is not called his apostolic majesty for nothing.'

Here I shifted the subject. I talked about quails, beccaficos, roast-chesnuts, and wine of Scandiano; I descanted on cookery with a connoisseurship which astonished myself no less than my good fellow-traveller; and the eyes of the reverend epicure glistened, and his mouth watered; he forgot both brigands and Austrians, the cathedral and the *Te Deum*, and we had hardly gone two miles before I had completely won his admiration and love.

Here we got in sight of the *Angelo*, a pretty suburban inn, the favorite resort of the Reggiani of a Sunday, renowned for its stews and ragouts, and especially for that favorite dish, at Milan and in all Lombardy the substitute for a Neapolitan macaroni—the *busecca* or tripes.

'Busecca, Don Gaetano,' I exclaimed. 'This

is the house for tripe; and may I never behold that beloved dish smoking before me again, if I stir one step before I have tasted it under the 'angel's wings.'"

"Tripe are an excellent dish, as you say," echoed the priest, sighing wofully.

"Come," said I, pointing at the sun dial, that was casting its monitory shade on the whitewashed wall of the inn. "It is not gone twelve yet, and your *Te Deum*, you tell me, is ordered at three. Come! a dish of tripe is soon made up, and we will call for the landlord's oldest *Scandiano*."

The priest hesitated, but pulled in the reins.

"I think," said he, "my mule will be glad of a few minutes' rest, and your horse, too, my brave youth, I am thinking; but hang me (Don Gaetano seemed quite fond of that expression, though rather an uncouth one for a priest)—hang me if Bartoldo the inn-keeper can give us such excellent *malvasia* as you will taste if you honor me at the rectory."

"A bargain, Don Gaetano!" cried I; "let us see what we can get at the Angel, and I promise to ride home with you for the evening."

The priest needed no further pressing: aided by the postboy and two of the waiters, he let himself down from his trusty mule, freed himself from the ample folds of his round mantle, threw it down with his tricornered hat on an old arm-chair on the entrance, and made his way, with the freedom and nonchalance of an *habitué*, into the little parlor, where he threw himself upon a sofa, puffing and blowing and fanning himself with his white handkerchief.

Our bustling landlord received us with more good-humor than ceremony, was rather prosy than eloquent in his eulogium of his wine and tripe, and, after as short a time as might be reasonably expected, returned with the *busecca* smoking in a pewter dish, and the *Scandiano* foaming in a flask, the neck of which was made in the shape of an inverted cone, and bore a close resemblance to the muzzle of a blunderbuss.—And now my object was attained. The poor priest was sniffing the savory dish before him, with scarcely good breeding enough to wait till I invited him to fall upon and help himself.—Neither the orders of his bishops nor the pope's presence, nor perhaps thunder and earthquake and the roof tottering about his ears, would have had power to raise him from his seat, or divert his attention from the all-engrossing object on which his covetous eyes were riveted.

"Excuse me, Don Gaetano," said I, starting up suddenly, and walking to the window; "I must see what the devil is the matter with my horse. Help yourself, I beg, while the tripe are hot; I shall not be more than a minute."

Saying which, and without waiting for an answer, I darted from the room, snatched up the priest's hat and cloak as I went through the hall, and laying hold of my horse's rein (the postilion was in the kitchen toasting his cheese, and playing his antics with the buxom landlady,) and mounting in haste, I rode stealthily away. The priest's mantle was so very long and large, that when I buttoned it round my neck its wide skirts fell down beyond my heels and stirrups, and so completely hid me and my horse, that, as Dante has it,

"N'andavan dæ sotto una cappa."

The tri-cornered hat was also of ample dimensions, and as I quashed it down to my brow, my face was so completely overshadowed by its brim, that the disguise was complete, and I was, to all intents and purposes, as thorough a priest as one might meet anywhere between the Alps and the sea.

In this plight I arrived before the gate of Reggio, and as no time runs swifter than what is employed at table, it is most likely that Don Gaetano never missed either me or his garment, and that no alarm was given before the thief was comfortably out of sight.

Reggio is a nice, neat, cheerful town, with fifteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants, with broad and clean but ill-paved streets, few buildings of taste or importance, but famous in the north of Italy for its annual fair, which, during the month of May, attracts hundreds and thousands from all the neighboring cities. The Reggiani are distinguished among their Lombard brethren by their warm and noisy, uncouth and hardy character, which might win them the appellation of the Irish of Italy. They are on the whole well liked by their neighbors, with the exception of the Modenese, who, beside their ancient republican rivalries, are, indeed, as different from the Reggiani in habits, manners, and fastings, as the grave even-tempered English may well be from the gay and careless people of the sister island. Even in the days of Ariosto, the two towns were distinguished by the different appellations of

"Reggio giocondo, e Modena feroce,"

and the *sobriquet* of *Teste quadre*, or *square-headed people*, dates as far back as the days of the *Secchia Rapita*, when Tarsoni, himself a Modenese, relates at full length by what mishap the heads of the poor warriors of Reggio were flattened by the halbert of Mars, and assumed that shape, which continued to distinguish their descendants down to the present generations.

Round or square, however, the heads of the Reggiani have in many instances proved to be among the soundest and cleverest in Italy; and as the mercurial and sulphureous temper of that people is apt to lead them into all sorts of scrapes, and make them eagerly desirous of novelty, they have in all times taken the lead in all Italian commotions; and especially during the French inroads, in the age of Napoleon, the town itself, and many of its enterprising inhabitants, have played a most conspicuous part, several of them even rising to the highest degree of power and fame.

Crushed, but not subdued, by the iron rule of Francis IV. of Modena, after the restoration of 1815, the Reggiani have, in every instance, given the most unequivocal marks of disaffection and rebelliousness. In 1821, the whole town, priests, monks, Jews, and all, were Carbonari; and however their ranks might have been thinned and their boldness damaged by the severe and sanguinary executions with which their disloyalty was visited, still a sufficient number of old, and a whole generation of new conspirators remained, to play the devil at the epo

Francis IV.'s desertion of his states in 1831. From the fourth of February to the fifth of March there was but one noisy, drunken carnival at Reggi, and the thoughtless revelry with which these good townsmen celebrated their sudden enfranchisement, admirably contrasted with the staid and anxious demeanor of their neighbors and rivals of Modena, who, although gifted with no less courage, and perhaps more determination, still evinced less sanguineness, and seemed haunted by the darkest forebodings, and who, besides their cheerless anticipations of the future, had recent calamities—the imprisonment of Ciro Menotti, and thirty other of their most distinguished citizens—to deplore.

Meanwhile the battle of Fiorenzola had shaken their belief in the inviolability of the non-intervention compact. The dispositions of their generalissimo Zucchi, a native of Reggio, and the timid and evasive measures of their provisional government, had gradually spread a chilling influence over their spirits, and prepared them for the final catastrophe which was to bring back his highness Francis IV., and a long epoch of retributive desolation and terror. The most peaceful and helpless part of the population had already been wrought into submission. The youthful and ardent, the *compromessi*, had either already migrated to the neighboring Romagna, or had been enlisted into a regular militia, which was kept ready to march from the enemy at the first appearance of danger.

On the fifth of March the little army of the Duke of Modena—those twelve or fifteen hundred men whom it will be remembered he had taken along with him into Austrian Lombardy in the first panic of an insurrection at Bologna—crossed the Po as the vanguard of a strong body of Austrian regiments, and directed the attack against Novi. That little town was garrisoned by about sixty volunteers from Modena and Reggio, at the head of whom was that daring Rolandi, whom the reader may recollect to have met at Bruscello, and whose eventful story was given in the occurrence of my excursion to Guastalla, and the memorable arrest of its bishop.

That able and undaunted leader, skilled in every manner of warfare, having selected a favorable position and infused his own noble spirit into the hearts of his few followers, awaited the arrival of the ducal troops with admirable coolness. To their eternal infamy be it said, the regiment of Este, unmindful of the hundred loaves of dark bread with which they had been fed in his highness's service, in return for which, indeed, they had hardly ever before been pressed into active duty, forgetting that their sovereign's eyes were fixed upon them, that bountiful, liberal prince, in whose presence there had been no end to their boasting and bragging,—they, whose numbers were hundreds and thousands, who since many years had the *Pas ordinaire* and *Pas de charge* by heart, seemed now to have been trained to no other manoeuvre than that of a hasty retreat, and gave way,—ay! actually turned their backs and ran before three-score undisciplined young riflemen, when scarcely a few random shots had been interchanged.

The fugitives fell back on the main body of

their Austrian allies, who advanced with great leisure and order, a large body of five thousand men. Rolandi sent messenger upon messenger to Modena for reinforcements. The Modenese government sent orders after orders for his immediate retreat; and the brave patriot, seeing the stark madness of sacrificing the lives of his devoted followers in such a desperate contest, was finally compelled to comply with his rulers' wish.

Here the orders for a general retreat were given. The *compromessi* of Modena and Reggio, amounting to some nine hundred, well armed and equipped, and followed by their provisional government with their families—for even women and children could not be left to the mercy of such a tyrant as Francis of Modena—bade a sorry farewell to their native homes, and departed in order and silence towards Bologna.

Scarcely had they disappeared from the eastern gate, when the invading troops advanced from the north. The revolutionary standards were struck down—with the exception, indeed, of the great *Gonfalone*, which was so far near the sky as to be almost hidden among the clouds and forgotten, and continued to wave triumphantly aloft, even when the blue and black eagles of Este and Austria had occupied all the minor eminences around.

The invaders entered into a silent and apparently uninhabited town; shops and windows, churches and taverns, were alike shut up, and the almost midnight stillness which prevailed was strangely contrasted with the glare of the noontide sun.

The order of march had been inverted since the disaster of Novi. The duke and his useless soldiers were sent to the rear-guard, and entered last into their reconquered metropolis. As his highness's carriage drove up to the door of his magnificent marble palace, the Hungarian bands sent forth their strains of victory. After a few minutes of rest, Francis IV. repaired to the cathedral, ordered a *Te Deum* or thanksgiving to be sung in all churches, and almost in the same breath issued his warrants for the arrest of the leaders of the rebellion, gave verbal instructions to his *dragoni* or gendarmes, ordered a scaffold to be erected, and sent his own confessor—a rare honor—to Menotti, Borelli and others of his prisoners whom he had compelled to share his temporary exile, and whom he now dragged along with him in his triumphant march. Of these events, of which I have somewhat anticipated the narration for the benefit of my readers, we had but an imperfect and unsatisfactory knowledge at Parma, and it was precisely to get more authentic information that I offered myself for the venturous expedition in which I was now engaged.

That the Austrians were in possession of Reggio, and, consequently, of Modena and all the duchy also, there could no longer be any doubt after the conversation I had with my good fellow traveller just now left *tête-à-tête* with his tripe at Angel Inn; but as our people had been sufficiently kept on the rack with confused and contradictory tidings for several days before, I was unwilling to go back with mere *on dits*, and was determined *coute qui coute*, to report what I had seen with my own eyes.

Even on the score I was speedily satisfied: as I drew near the gate, I descried the white uniforms of the Austrians on duty on the bridge, together with two of the duke's own myrmidons, who had alighted from and held their horses by the bridle. Prudence would have suggested a timely retreat; but the desire of giving a more circumstantial account of the enemy's forces and intentions, of ascertaining whether these were really Austrians in flesh and bone, not as it was bruited at Parma, mere ducal rascals, mere asses under a lion's hide, so clad in order to overawe and dishearten the rebels by a mock show of Austrian co-operation—and, above all the love of adventure and frolic too natural at the age of twenty, urged me to proceed, and put the protection of my disguise and the inviolability of my well-assumed priestly character to the test.

The gate was not indeed closed, but, as it is usual in the time of siege, so left ajar as to admit a horseman or even a carriage, but under the immediate inspection of the gatekeeper, who, backed as he was by a strong body of soldiers, might have banged it in the face of any unwelcome intruder in the twinkling of an eye.

The town being in a state of siege, no one could leave without a special passport, and no stranger could, under any pretext, be admitted. Still, as Don Gaetano had sensibly observed, exceptions would be made in favor of my *cloth*. The Austrian sentinels, in fact, respectfully drew back to make way as I drew near, and even the Modenese dragoons, though they could not help staring at the tramping of my post-horse with some curiosity, still raised their hands to their chacko, and honored me with their military salute.

So in I was, and, full of glee at the success of my scheme, I rode on boldly towards the square, little caring to revolve in my mind the great problem—how to get safely out again.

The gay town of Reggio had taken on consternation and mourning. Not a soul was to be seen: the clang of my horse's hoofs sounded as hollow and dismal as if on the street of Pompeii. As I drew near the square, however, I was surrounded by a crowd walking in my own direction. On the square I found Austrians, cannon, and other instruments of destruction.

These soldiers were Austrians indeed. Had I even been blind and deaf, had I neither seen their round unmeaning faces, had I not heard their harsh guttural accents, the blood that boiled in my veins would have made me aware of their presence.

The attention of the people was attracted by a large placard, stuck up at the door of the Town Hall. I alighted from my horse, and, trusting it to the care of a boy, who, unable to read, seemed less anxious to press forward with his neighbors, I dashed through the crowd, and forcing my way to the foremost ranks, I read the following

'Proclamation.'

'We Francis IV., by the grace of God, Duke, &c., having by the aid of an all-merciful Providence, as also with the help of our brave troops, and those of our august ally the Emperor of Austria——'

I read no more, but, stretching forth my hands seized, the still moist paper, and tore it down from the wall.

There have been several instances in my life—I suppose that every man might say the same of himself—when, especially in my younger days, my body seemed to act not only without consent, but even with perfect unconsciousness of the soul. Blows have I dealt, and words have I uttered, under the immediate mechanic impulse of mere bodily passion, which I have wished undealt or unsaid for the rest of my life.

Still, never did my body play me such an extraordinary prank, never was any of its whims more unaccountable or irresistible than that which I am now relating. The idea of offering so gross an insult to the majesty of the Duke of Modena never had darted across my brain. Had it ever entered into my head, had the devil ever suggested it, the temptation would have been spurned as leading to nothing short of utter destruction.

And yet, though never resolved upon, the deed was done, and there I stood, perfectly unconscious, till one of the police officers laid his hand on my shoulder, crying out 'Arrest the traitor!' Then I awoke from my trance, I bounded on the hapless policeman and knocked him down; then rumpling the paper and thrusting it in my bosom, I broke through the still wondering crowd, jumped on my horse, and rode away.

'top thief, stop thief!' roared the policeman, rising from the ground, and hastening after me. The people followed in a crowd—stop thief!—The fatal cry had its wonted effect; at every turning of the road the train of my pursuers increased. Still I was mounted, and as my horse, almost instinctively, retraced its former steps, I soon arrived in sight of the gate.

At the first cry of alarm, the Austrian guards rushed forward and crossed their bayonets; but seeing only a priest trotting from a disorderly rabble as fast as his nag would carry him, they fancied that the noise arose from some popular tumult, and making way for my horse and me, they fired a few shots against my pursuers.

The crowd waited for no other compliment, but immediately dispersed. The policeman advanced fearlessly alone, but, before he had time to enter into any explanation, I flew past the gate and bridge, and was soon beyond reach of the fire. The two ducal dragoons, however, were not slow in taking to their horses and plunging after me; but, with the start of a few minutes, the chances were widely in my favor.

My steed, who, during perhaps twenty years of life, scarcely knew any other pace but its everlasting trot, could not well understand my meaning, as I mercilessly plunged my rowels into its sides; by dint of pricking and flogging, however, I soon made it mend its pace, and as it was naturally a swift animal, as long as it had only to contend against the heavy chargers of the dragoons, I might depend on its winning the race.

Away, away we went on the smoothly macadamized road, like the three wild huntsmen driven by whirlwind and storm. As we darted by

the Angel Inn, I descried my good friend Don Gaetano, who stood by the window, screaming and gesticulating like one possessed. I freed myself from my disguise, and dropping hat and cloak, I left to the care of the winds the charge of carrying them to the feet of their owner. The postboy, who had already mounted and was wondering what had become of his customer, seeing me running so desperately, with my long hair streaming in the wind, rushed after me, crying, for Heaven's sake, that I should mind what I was about, and not kill his master's best horse.

But I seemed resolved to put his master's horse to the trial. On their part, the dragoons were unwilling to give up the chase. There I saw them, whenever I turned, not a hundred rods in the wake, whipping and swearing with right good will.

Had our ride been as long as that of Dick Turpin, from Kilburn to York, I have little doubt but the strength of their stout war-horses would have finally prevailed. But I was well determined that this should never be, till the animal I rode should drop down dead on the road.

Away! away! all the cottages poured forth their tenants, every pedestrian stopped leaning on his staff, every driver pulled in his rein, to witness the mad race. No one, however, dared to interfere with us, or those that were disposed to throw themselves on my path, luckily enough, thought of it only when it was too late. The idea that I had a pair of loaded pistols never flashed across my mind; neither were my pursuers aware that they might have tried whether a bullet from one of their carbines might not have outstripped my courser.

Away! away! it was neck or nothing; and I had no leisure to look at the scenery. Behind remained Scandiano,—behind Canossa, Rossetta, and even St. Hario. The dragoons never pulled up till we were in sight of the bridge of the Enza, and the appearance of the sentinels at

our outposts made them aware that the odds were no longer on their side.

Without giving much breathing time to my horse, I proceeded directly to Parma, and safe and sound, though minus a hat, I made my appearance before our provisional government, presenting to them my hard-won booty—the half-torn proclamation of Francis of Modena.

The tidings I brought were as decisive as they were dismal and ominous. There we were, alone and defenceless, with little hope of effectual resistance or honorable retreat. Our rulers came to a final resolution. Orders were issued that all who loved their country, and all those who considered themselves as *compromessi*, should meet on the morrow at the citadel, where all our forces should be called together, and an attempt should be made to join our brothers in Romagna, forcing our way along the ridge of the Modenese Apennine.

The morning, unlike what we had seen for the last two months, arose overcast and gloomy. At ten o'clock I presented myself at the citadel, and found about ten or eleven hundred of our young volunteers assembled. They were armed and equipped with the most scrupulous care, divided into bands of sixty each, under the command of officers chosen on the spot. I belonged to the vanguard, which marched under the guidance of Count Berardi.

Meanwhile much time had been lost; it was past three o'clock when the signal of departure was given. The national guard was to march first; the regular troops, with the artillery and the government, bringing up the rear afterwards.

And now there were embracing, and kissing, and shedding of tears; mothers, sisters, and mistresses were torn from their young friends' necks, and the column started.

On that very instant, as if it had waited with us for the 'marche,' a tremendous hail and thunder storm broke upon our heads

From Tait's Magazine.

A CRY FOR BREAD.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I saw a starving mother stand
By the gates of a palace proud,
With a whining boy in either hand,
And an infant wailing loud;
An infant wailing loud,—for dry
Was the fount had went to hush its cry:
And all that the starving woman said
Was—"Give my children Bread!"

Forth from that palace proud there came
Three high and noble ones;
The first was a Bishop, stout of frame,
A chief 'mid the Church's sons;
Slowly he strode, for he was fat—
But, as he passed, he banned the brat
Whose cries disturbed his reverend head:
Yet the mother only uttered—"Bread!"

The next that fared from that palace door
Was a Peer, of an ancient race;
And he scowled on the beggars, and loudly swore
To drive them from the place:—

"'Twas hard, 'twas very hard his doors
Should be thus beset by three and four
Of idle wretches!" So he said,—
Still the woman only murmured—"Bread!"

And then paced forth a lady fair,
With a pale and haughty brow;
But she started to see the beggars there,
And fain their needs would know;
But a pampered menial, sly and sleek,
With a dastard's heart and a woman's cheek,
Spoke out: "Impostors they!" he said;
So the mother vainly begged for Bread!

That night, as the Bishop, Peer, and Dame,
Sat o'er their banquet high,
From a squalid cellar shrilly came
A wild and maniac cry;
And there, by her own mad hand, lay slain
That starving mother's children twain:
'And the infant?'—it before was dead,
For there was none to give it Bread!

'WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?'

A TRUE STORY.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Parker were worthy people, with two sons and two daughters, and a fortune, moderate but sufficient—at least it would have been sufficient, if the lady could by any possibility have made up her mind to live for herself, and not for her neighbors; in short, if she could have forborne to ask, on every occasion, the significant question we have placed at the head of our story. It has been said that every body has a Mrs. Grundy—an assertion we are disposed to dispute, both from personal experience and observation; but Mrs. Parker had a hundred Mrs. Grundies—Tompkins, Watkins, Johnson, Smith—their name was Legion; and, not satisfied with her natural and hereditary Mrs. Grundies, she picked up new ones wherever she went, so that she passed her life in accordance with every body's opinions and inclinations but her own and her husband's. And the most provoking part of the business was, that these dictators were most times wholly imaginary. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were the bondsmen of taskmasters, unreal as they were arbitrary. Good-natured inoffensive people, doing nothing to excite malice, and not in a situation to awaken envy, the world cared very little about them or their affairs. But this was a fact, which, to use the American phrase, Mrs. Parker could never *realise*. Like a corporal of grenadiers in the grand army, she felt that the eye of the world was upon her; and, under the influence of this pernicious optic, she sought for glory, or rather fled from shame, by running into folly. She and her husband furnished their house, arranged their establishment, regulated the number of their entertainments, together with what should be eaten and drunk at them, not to their own tastes, but to the taste of Mrs. Grundy; and in obedience to the same despotic power, their daughters were forced to waste their time in learning music, for which they had no natural aptitude, at a fashionable seminary, where nothing was taught that was ever likely to be of any use to them; whilst they gave their sons a classical education instead of a practical one, and brought them up to professions for which they were wholly unfit, and in which they could reap neither money nor credit.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker were the inhabitants of a small country town in the centre of England, where, fortunately for them, the society being limited and the circumstances of their neighbors generally not much more affluent than their own, the standard the lady felt herself obliged to aim at, in order to please Mrs. Grundy, was not a very exalted one. But there was a place in the vicinity called Colton Hall, calculated for the residence of a family of much larger means, with a fine house, that had indeed some pretensions to have been a castle; a park, walled gardens, hot-houses, and every thing else appropriate. The property belonging to a minor, it had been for several years unoccupied, much to the regret of the good people of M——, who recalled the time

when the former hospitable possessor was in the habit of giving them two or three sumptuous dinners in a year, besides a ball at Christmas for the young people, where they feasted on venison, champagne, pine-apples, grapes, ices, and other luxuries, which, since that period, existed for them only as visions of the past.

At length, however, the tedious minority expired; but still the heir was abroad; and some years more elapsed before the inhabitants of M—— were cheered by the tidings, that Mr. Colton, with his wife, Lady Elizabeth, were on their way home from the continent, with the intention of taking up their residence at the family seat; and when waggons were seen to pass through the town, loaded with all the luxuries and appearances that come under the head of necessities to people with several thousands a year, none were more delighted than short-sighted Mrs. Parker.

'Go and put on your things, girls,' said she to her daughters, one morning about a week after the arrival of the Coltons; 'we must pay our visit to the family at the hall.'

'I thought you didn't mean to go till next week, mama,' said Jane.

'No more I did,' answered the mother; 'but I hear several people are calling, and it won't do for us to be last, you know.'

'Why won't it?' inquired Mr. Joel, looking sharply up from the newspaper he was reading.

'Oh, because people will think it so odd,' replied Mrs. Parker.

'Why, somebody must be last,' responded Joel. 'What signifies whether it is you or any body else?'

'It signifies to us, at any rate,' replied Mrs. Parker.

'I can't see that,' answered Mr. Joel.

'You never can see those things, you know,' answered the lady.

'Glad of it,' responded Joel. 'Wish you couldn't.'

Mrs. Parker, however, did see those things, or fancied she did; and, accordingly, she prepared herself and her daughters for the important visit, without delay: but ere they could set out, a difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. A friend who happened to step in, unfortunately mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright had ordered horses from the inn, for the purpose of driving to Colton Hall; whereupon Mrs. Parker began to imagine to herself what would be the astonishment and consternation of Mr. Colton and Lady Elizabeth, if she and her daughters arrived on foot.

'How very odd they will think it, when Parker's a magistrate, and Mr. Wainwright is nothing at all.'

Mr. Joel affirmed he was certain that neither Mr. Colton, nor Lady Elizabeth either, would ever bestow a thought upon the matter; a degree of indifference so far beyond Mrs. Parker's con-

ception, that she was positively indignant at the supposition, hinting that, although herself and her movements might be very unimportant in the eyes of Mr. Joel Parker, she flattered herself they were not quite so insignificant in the eyes of other people; to which inuendo Joel answered,—

‘So much the worse.’

In compliance, therefore, with the dictum of her imaginary lawgivers, Mrs. Parker sent for a post-chaise and pair of horses (for carriage she had none), and drove therein to Colton Hall; and the family being at home, she, with her daughters was admitted. Now, of all the Mrs. Grundies that any body ever set up for themselves, Lady Elizabeth was the most hopeless. She had been brought up in a degree of luxury and affluence that, as no pains had been taken to enlighten her on the subject, left her in utter ignorance of all the principles of economy, and all the habits of life and difficulties of conditions that differed materially from her own—she was, in short, the legitimate archetype of the French princess, who inquired, why, if the common people could not get bread, they did not eat cake? She was by no means ill-natured, but yet, owing to this singular state of unconsciousness, she was eternally saying and doing the most embarrassing things that could be imagined, to her less prosperous acquaintance; and as she was very near-sighted and very indolent, she seldom saw, and never took the trouble to investigate, the cause of their confusion. Finding Colton Hall very dull, she was extremely willing to receive as many visitors as chose to come, and the Parkers were admitted without demur.

‘This is a pleasant day for a drive,’ observed Lady Elizabeth, by way of saying something to Mrs. Parker, who was an utter stranger to her.

‘Very,’ replied Mrs. P., ‘and a beautiful drive we had through the plantation.’ (How lucky, thought she, we didn’t walk. Lady Elizabeth evidently takes it for granted we came in a carriage. So much for Joel.)

‘Is yours an open carriage?’ inquired Lady Elizabeth, not meaning to say to a stranger, and supposing the question quite unimportant.

‘No,’ replied Mrs. Parker, blushing, and clearing her throat.

‘I wonder you don’t keep an open carriage,’ said Lady Elizabeth. ‘Every body keeps open carriages now for the summer, and, indeed, in the winter, I assure you, you would not find the least inconvenience. On the contrary, before open carriages were so much used, I was invariably laid up with a cold half the winter;—now I never get cold. I advise you of all things to keep an open carriage.’

Mrs. Parker said, she ‘should certainly try it.’ Now, as the persons she chiefly associated with kept no carriages, open or close, the necessity of doing so had not hitherto presented itself to Mrs. Parker’s mind; but Lady Elizabeth’s injunction appeared imperative. She felt all the agonies of shame at not being provided with a luxury which appeared to her new acquaintance so much a matter of course, and she would as soon have found courage to confess that she made her own pastry or washed her own stockings, as that

she kept no carriage at all, but had come in a hack-chaise. Lady Elizabeth next fell to inquiring of the young ladies if they were fond of music, an interrogation which they felt it their duty to answer in the affirmative, for they had also been educated into the fear of Mrs. Grundy; and although, in point of fact, they scarcely knew ‘God save the King’ from the tune of ‘Green Sleeves,’ they would not have shocked Lady Elizabeth’s feelings by such a declaration for the world. This unadvised avowal of theirs led to further inquiries as to what instruction they had had, who had been their master, and so forth; the answers to which brought down sundry ejaculations of surprise and regret, that they should have sacrificed their time, and injured their taste, with Mr. Hodgkins, who taught at five shillings the lesson. The first masters were indispensable; Lady Elizabeth strongly recommended Mrs. Anderson for the pianoforte, and Bochsaf for the harp; with respect to singing she was not quite clear—she was divided between Begnez and Lablache—some people thought Lablache not so good an instructor for ladies; but she would write to her sister, Lady Frances, who had tried both, and acquaint Mrs. Parker with the result of her experience; and Mrs. Parker expressed herself exceedingly obliged, and hoped she would not forget it. Several more recommendations and injunctions fell from Lady Elizabeth’s idle lips in the course of the visit, the fruits of her empty unreflecting mind; so that, when poor Mrs. Parker stepped into her post-chaise, with her two cheeks as red as peonies, she felt herself coming away with a weight upon her spirits that was truly oppressive. How all these things were to be accomplished she could not tell; and what Lady Elizabeth would think of her, if she left them unfulfilled, she could not tell either. The only comfort she had was that Joel was not with her; he would certainly have blurted out that they kept no carriage, and that they could not afford to throw away their money on the exorbitant professors of a science for which their daughters had no talent.

From that day Mrs. Parker was an unhappy woman. Joel would not hear of the carriage, although there was a second-hand one to be had dirt cheap, standing in the inn yard at that very moment waiting for a purchaser. What was the purchase of the carriage? a mere nothing. She did not ask for horses; they could always get post-horses at half an hour’s notice—it was well known that the whole expense of keeping a carriage was the horses. Joel hinted at the tax, the repairs, the paying for a coach-house for it. A mere trifle altogether, Mrs. Parker said; not to be weighed against the respectability they should acquire by the possession of the vehicle. In short, she never could think of going to Colton Hall again till she had it. Lady Elizabeth might be walking in the grounds, and what would she think when she saw them arriving in an old battered yellow post-chaise?—and Mr. Parker a magistrate, too. Of course, they would be shortly asked to dinner; but for her part, she was determined not to go at all unless she could go respectably.

Lady Elizabeth had also hinted at a ball or

the young people, where they would meet all the country families. What a pretty figure they would cut, amongst all the equipages that would be there, in a dirty hack-chaise! But it was all to no purpose; on the score of the carriage Joel was inflexible. His wife had never found him so sturdily before; for, although he saw her folly, and despised Mrs. Grundy himself, yet, as he was a man who liked a quiet life, and aspired to read his newspaper in peace, she generally conquered in the end by her pertinacity—like the drop of water on the rock, she wore away his opposition at last. But here she made no progress, though she worked hard too, for the case was urgent. The invitation for the dinner came, and, although it went to her heart, she declined it—she said she felt it due to herself to show her sense of Mr. Parker's conduct. Still she did not give way; the subject was ever uppermost in her mind; it did not signify where the conversation began, it always took the same road, and ended with the carriage. Poor Joel was tired to death of it; it was the sauce to his breakfast, dinner, tea, and, at length, drove him from home. True, he had business in London, but the business could have been done as well at another time as now; however, he was in hopes the carriage fit might wear out in his absence, so he went.

The day after his departure, Mrs. Parker put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked out in the direction of the inn. She had not quite made up her mind to do it, but she thought she would step into the yard, and take a look at the carriage she had seen advertised; looking could do no harm, and there was something exciting and pleasing in the idea—it gave her a foretaste of what the pleasure of buying it must be. She did turn into the yard, and there was the carriage—a landau painted green, lined with drab, and a chintz casing over it for the summer, price eighty guineas. The innkeeper said he was not at liberty to say who it belonged to, but it was a person of distinction; and he looked upon it as dirt cheap; it was an opportunity seldom to be had, especially in such a place as that; if it were sent to London it would fetch a great deal more, but there would be the expense of sending it. Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Brown had been looking at it, and he did not suppose it would stand in his yard many days longer, &c. &c. Mrs. Parker examined it from side to side, and from end to end; walked round it, and sighed and looked, and sighed and looked again. 'Built in London upon an improved principle,' added the innkeeper, 'expressly for the family it belonged to.' He was sure whoever bought it would never repent of the bargain. Mrs. Parker thought so too; it appeared to her that there never was a thing altogether so desirable and so cheap; and she wondered, since such handsome carriages were to be had at such moderate prices, that any body would be without one. She mentioned that Mr. Parker would not like the expense of a coach-house; and she also pointed out that the arms were an objection. But sellers have such a way of smoothing difficulties: the rent of a coach-house was a mere trifle—for the matter of that, he would not mind giving it a

standing for the first year himself; and as for the arms, a coat of paint would settle that difficulty in no time. Mrs. Parker said she'd think about it; and she did think about it to the exclusion of every thing else. As she walked up the street, she saw a carriage—very much such a carriage as that she had just left—standing at the linen-draper's door, and she recognized the liveries as Lady Elizabeth's; so she stepped into the shop to ask her ladyship how she did.

She said she was dying with heat—it was much hotter than it had been last summer at Naples—she wondered Mrs. Parker ventured to walk—there was nothing for such weather but an open carriage. Mrs. Parker took this observation for a *resumé* of the former conversation, and felt it her duty to say she was looking out for one; whilst Lady Elizabeth, who only talked of the carriage for the sake of saying something, and from whose mind the whole thing had passed away, answered that she thought she was very right. Mrs. Parker walked home contemplative, dined contemplative, drank tea contemplative—passed the evening in a brown study—went to bed, but not to sleep; turned and tossed all night—dozed and dreamt that she was driving up to Colton Hall in the yellow post-chaise, and that Lady Elizabeth dashed past in an open carriage, and turned away her head contemptuously—got up in the morning feverish and rash—read in the county newspaper that the M— races were fixed for the 10th of August—was struck with the impossibility of bowing to Lady Elizabeth out of the window of a yellow post-chaise—again put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked to the inn—asked the innkeeper if he was sure eighty guineas was the lowest price, to which he responded, that if she would close the bargain at once, he thought he might venture to say seventy-five, ready money, though it was a great deal too little for it. There was no resisting this. 'Remember, then, if I agree to take it, you'll give it a standing for the first year free of expense; and you'll get somebody to alter the arms for a trifle.' This was Mrs. Parker's last shiver, after which she made the plunge, and bought the landau; but as it could not be used with satisfaction till the arms were altered, and as the races were at hand, the innkeeper was requested to get that little job done immediately. These arrangements made, Mrs. Parker walked home in a state of mind that vibrated betwixt pleasure and pain. It was very gratifying, certainly, to be the possessor of a landau, and a great relief to feel that Lady Elizabeth could no longer despise her for the want of an article so indispensable. But, on the other hand, how to tell Joel of what she had done, she did not know; and the want of the seventy-five guineas, which had been left her for housekeeping, was extremely inconvenient. However, in the mean time, she should have the satisfaction of showing herself to Lady Elizabeth on the race-course; and she resolved to dismiss the perplexing part of the subject from her mind for the present. It wanted three weeks to the races when she made her purchase; and, as the time drew nigh, she did not neglect to remind the innkeeper that the carriage, with a pair of post-horses, must be

ready for that day; whilst her own dress, and that of her daughters, were prepared on a more ambitious scale than usual, in order to be worthy of the occasion. But who shall put their trust in innkeepers or coach-painters? When the morning arrived, when the toilet was made, and the mother and the daughters, at the sound of approaching wheels, rushed to the window in all the eagerness of expectation, what did their eyes behold but the old yellow chaise shaking and nodding up the street as if it had a fit of the palsy. 'It can't be for us!' exclaimed Mrs. Parker; 'it is impossible!' Things so dreadful do seem impossible, but experience proves that, when Fortune sets about being spiteful, the lengths she will go exceed all credibility. It was for them, and the post-boy brought a note expressive of great regret; but the varnish was not dry, and the carriage could not be used.—Was any thing ever so provoking!—not to have the use of the landau on the very occasion for which it had been expressly purchased, and for the sake of which Joel's anger had been braved! Condescending to go to the races in a yellow post-chaise, after the brilliant prospect that had been opened to them, and encountering Lady Elizabeth's astonished eyes, was out of the question; so they stayed at home in sorrow and sadness, and had the satisfaction of seeing the despised vehicle rattle past presently afterwards, with half a dozen smiling faces looking out of the windows—it having fallen to the lot of the next claimant, who was too happy to get the reversion.

A few days afterwards, however, an invitation arrived for a ball at Colton Hall, and hope was once more in the ascendant, though still, as the carriage must necessarily on that occasion be closed, and as Lady Elizabeth would not see them arrive, the gratification to be derived from appearing in it was considerably diminished.—Added to which, Mr. Parker would be home by that time; and as the period for his arrival drew nigh, the prospect of the disclosure she had to make lay like lead upon the poor lady's spirits. It was not till the night previous to the ball that Joel made his appearance, and as that was an ill time for strife, Mrs. Parker resolved to defer her communication till the entertainment was over. Perhaps the comfort and convenience he would find in going to it in his own carriage might somewhat placate his wrath. This seemed the more probable when the night arrived, for it rained torrents, and it would have been impossible for the whole family to have got into the yellow chaise, which, besides being in great request, was only to be had at such intervals as consisted with the claims of the other numerous candidates for its services. 'After all,' thought Mrs. Parker, 'I have not done so much amiss, and so I hope Joel will see, when he finds the convenience of having a carriage of his own, on

such an occasion as this, without being beholden to any body.' Joel did seem pleased when he was told that the innkeeper would send them a carriage which would take the whole party at once; and said he was glad Baines had got such a thing, it had long been wanted. So they all stepped in, and away they went, in high spirits.—The distance was about four miles by the road, though much less by the fields; and as they rolled along, Mrs. Parker's heart swelled with complacency, and several times she was on the eve of disclosing the grand secret to Joel; but whilst she was hesitating whether to do it or not, a sudden scream from one of her daughters interrupted the course of her reflections, which, before she had time to inquire what was the matter, was echoed by the other, whilst a chorus of exclamations from Mr. Parker and the sons betrayed the appalling fact, that the water was pouring in from the top and at all corners. The slight coating of varnish, by filling the cracks, had proved a temporary defence, but had soon yielded to the torrents of water that were falling. What was to be done?—were they to return or go forward? To lose the ball was too dreadful; so the young people prevailed, and on they went, whilst all the vituperations to be found in the vocabulary, garnished with curses both loud and deep from Mr. Parker, were lavished on the vehicle, and on the innkeeper for sending it. Poor Mrs. Parker said nothing; she was dumb with horror. They spread their shawls over their knees to defend their dresses, the water falling heaviest through the lamentable hiatus that intervened where the top should have closed. At length they were released from this purgatory, at the door of Colton Hall, and were introduced into the cloak-room, which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. All turned their heads to see who was entering, but none turned them back again—they were transfixed; the dresses, faces, and necks of the new comers looked as if they had been rubbed against a wet soot-bag. The water was stained with the yet undried paint and with the dirt and dust that had accumulated in the long-used lining. The house-keeper was summoned to give her assistance, and Lady Elizabeth good-naturedly came to offer hers. Mr. Parker said it was a carriage that rascal Baines had sent them.—'Bless me!' cried Lady Elizabeth, 'I dare say it's the old one I sold him. We travelled all over Europe in it for seven years, and I thought it never would have held together till we got home. But they are bad sort of things except in very fine weather; you must have a close carriage for night, indeed you must.'

The day after poor Joel had paid the coach-painter's bill, he was found dead in the summer-house. The coroner's jury brought it in apoplexy, but those who knew him best always averred that he died of Mrs. Grundy.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.
 THE COUNTRY TOWN—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. GORE.

Country towns are daily losing their physiognomy. The surface becomes smoother and smoother, like that of our current coin, till by the evenness of the superficies, the value is lessened. Mail-coaches did much, and railroads are doing more, to destroy all local characteristics and distinctions. The two capitals of the sister kingdoms are divided by only four-and-twenty hours each, from the great metropolis; and the interstitial towns, now that they receive the gossip of London wet from the press, and new fashions and new follies bright from the mint, have flung aside those quaint old garments of individuality, which rendered Winchester as different from York, as Chester from all other cities of the United Kingdom.

It may be doubted whether they alter for the better. A man may cease to be the yeoman without becoming the gentleman. Superficial polish is often acquired, when the nature is not intrinsically improved. The heartiness of the country disappears, but the politeness of the capital lags behind.

The common run of towns resemble a blunt razor,—or a single-barrelled gun,—or a sailing-packet,—or any other antediluvian thing which, instead of beguiling the time, by looking like the time, looks like times better forgotten. Its society is a shoal of minnows, among which the most moderate fish becomes a Triton. Accustomed to receive its laws and opinions, like its ribbons and other manufactured goods, from London, if you ask a question, people are as slow in answering as if waiting the arrival of the coach to make up their minds.

A century ago, ere roads and newspapers had established an eclectic chain betwixt the capital and her satellites, every country town was the capital of its province, as in France at the present day; and the substantial old mansion-house now figuring as boarding-schools and manufactories, attest that, aforesaid, the winter migration of the squirearchy extended no farther than the limits of their shire. The wealth thus concentrated brought refinement and progress. Now, all who have money to spend, spend it in London; and country towns are consequently restricted to a secondary order of civilization.

The great manufacturing towns are distinguished by a certain flashiness of taste, in addition to their smoke, noise, and unwholesome-looking population.

The cathedral towns pretended to higher gentility,—are blue and scandalous, addicted to whist and green tea.

Garrison towns are gay and flirtatious, inclining to theatricals, and boasting a capital

circulating library. But the genuine country town is the one that hath neither Canon nor cannon,—neither black coats nor red,—neither a barrack nor cathedral close;—nor even a manufactory, beyond a slender steam-engine chimney or two, starting up, like asparagus running to seed, in the suburbs;—or perhaps a few mills, half hidden among the shallows of an unnavigable river.

Such a spot is the true Castle of Indolence, a place where, as in the hearts of the restored Bourbons, nothing has been learned, nothing forgotten;—whose horizon is so bounded that you cannot turn round within its limits without knocking your head against a prejudice; and where, like Lightfoot in the fairy tale, you must tie your legs together not to outrun the rest of the community.

On first installing yourself in such a region, you are surprised to find, by some species of optical delusion, all great objects diminish in importance, and all trifling ones expand.—You lose sight of the rest of Europe, but the next parish becomes vast as Savoy or Portugal. You cease to conjecture whether the death of Metternich will operate any influential change in the constitutions of Austria; but become suddenly convulsed with curiosity to know why Mr. Spriggins has suspended the improvements at his villa. A gradual torpor seizes upon your intellects. Art, science, intelligence, refinement, glide out of sight, like spectres at cockerow; and the immaterial gives place to matter of fact. All the illusions of civilization vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision!

At the close of a month, you have become acclimatised. Your optics have adapted themselves to their new focus. You have learned not only the date of the church, and the fact that a very curious old gateway once stood on the site of the present town-hall; but to admit the infallibility of the Pope of the place, and are convinced that there is no need for you to give up the ghost under four-score years of age, so long as that able man Dr. Green and his gig are in circulation in the parish.

Shall I ever forget my sojourn at Welstanton! It was not like creeping back into the pages of Richardson! The formalities—the littlenesses—the monstrosities of nothings—the waste of interjections where everything else was charily hoarded—the upturning and downcasting of eyes whenever anything was done or said differing from the sayings and doings of the day before! Before I quitted it, I had begun to consider robbing a henroost an enormity, and short whist an act of profligacy demanding the intervention of the quarter-sessions.

It was a pretty town enough; situated on a hill-side sloping to a brook, which the county history politely termed a river; having a cheerful, healthy suburb, called Spital-green, wherein was situated the Palazzo Reale of Welstanton, the new-built house of Mr. Marx, the attorney, agent to his Grace the Duke of Hereford, with its conservatory the size of a bird-cage, and its lawn the size of a billiard-table; besides a venerable old manorial residence of the Tramsydes, occupied by two awful maiden ladies of that name, first cousins to a Welsh baronet, and personages not to be spoken of by lips profane.

But Spital-green was looked upon as almost in the country. In the 'heart of the town' (that is, in the larger of the two streets) stood the vicarage; its frontage covered with a vine, that bore fruit in due season, *i. e.*, when bitten by the November frosts into decay, mistaken for ripeness, and its forecourt planted into a garden by means of box edgings and a stunted spruce fir tree stuck in the midst. Just opposite, was the Bank, with the adjoining red-brick residence of its acting partner, Jonas Punccheon, Esq., whom many people pretended to recollect behind the counter of a grocer's shop in the neighboring town; and twenty yards lower down, the abode of Dr. Green, with an odd-looking little outbuilding, having a green serge curtain to its glass door, and 'nightbell' affixed to a brass knob on the doorpost. Further still, towards the entrance from the London-road, stood a square dingy-looking mansion, ensconced behind a high brick wall, the Vatican of the Pope of Welstanton, Benjamin Brighthelmstone, Esq.,—little Benjamin, their ruler.—

'And who is Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone?' I inquired listlessly of Miss Martha Tramsyde, on the evening of my arrival at Welstanton.

The first impulse of both the old ladies was to look anxiously round, and ascertain whether a twelfth-degree domestic of a foot-boy, whom, had they resided in Marylebone, they would have styled a page, had left the room; lest the subordinates of their establishment should become aware that their school-girl guest was a person so insignificant as never to have heard of Mr. Brighthelmstone. Then, satisfied that no one was present but her sister Sybella, their favorite Persian cat Tamerlane, and my culpable self, she pursed up her mouth, smoothed her apron, and congratulated me on not having ventured to expose my ignorance before a less indulgent audience.

'Mr. Brighthelmstone, a ma'am,' said she, 'is one of the most distinguished men of the present day. Few persons perhaps of any age have exceeded him in depth of learning or refinement of mind.'

'A man of letters, then?' said I, already beginning to respect the high brickwall as the stronghold of literary leisure.

Of letters? reiterated Sybella, glaring at me over the back of Tamerlane, who was

purring over her knee. 'Do you mean to say, ma'am, that you never heard of Mr. Brighthelmstone?—that you never read any of his productions?'

'Perhaps, sister,' remonstrated the milder Martha, 'Miss Titmarsh may be unacquainted with the literary signature of *Phi* our accomplished friend. Mr. Brighthelmstone, ma'am, in the character is the author of that charming Essay on the Ancient Mexicans which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the month of July, in the year eighteen hundred and six.'

'At that period, I fear, I was scarcely included among courteous readers,' I was beginning—

'The echoes of fame, ma'am, prolong themselves *ad infinitum*,' retorted Sybella.

'For many years afterwards, nothing was talked of in the literary and fashionable circles but the *chef d'œuvre* of our accomplished friend. You will find a presentation copy of the number of the magazine yonder, on the book-shelf. Be pleased to reach it down.'

'To the Misses Tramsyde,

'From *Phi*,

'*A tribute of humble mediocrity to transcendent merit.*'

'I recommend you, ma'am, to take the volume to your own room, and peruse the article with the attention it deserves.'

After a polite reference to the centenarian flowering of the aloe, I ventured to inquire whether this charming essay were Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone's latest production?

Miss Sybella shrugged her shoulders so impetuously that Tamerlane, startled by such unwonted vivacity, jumped from her lap.

'Did you never hear of *Brighthelmstone's Gleanings*?' Is it possible, ma'am, that you have overlooked the praises awarded to that able miscellany by the literary productions of the day? Three lines and a half in *The Athenæum*, and a notice in 'Our Library Table,' in *The Spectator*!—Mr. Brighthelmstone's works ma'am, have an European reputation.'

'To say nothing of his eminence in the scientific world!' added Martha, 'Mr. B. is a member of the Geological Society of Bath—of the Antiquarian Society of Belfast—of the Philo-Saxon Association of Berwick upon-Tweed. As a naturalist, he ranks with the greatest names of the day. His collection of crystalline are about to be engraved as a companion to Audubon's Birds, and 'The British Fishes.' Some day, when our accomplished friend is completely at leisure, we may prevail upon him to show you his collections.—The whole county has nothing to produce equal to them!'

I labor miscellaneous collections of Natural History on a small scale. Though declining in the vale of years, I have not yet forgotten the cold shudders that came upon me the first time I had occasion to contemplate a glass-case full of centipedes, or a jar of bottled snakes. It was at the house of George

Spence, the Cartwright of his day; to whose place of execution in Old Bond-street, innocent children were beguiled for the extraction of their front teeth, by a gallery containing all the curious birds of the air and fishes of the sea, artificially stuffed and preserved. I remember connecting, for many weeks afterwards, a mystic meaning with the glare of their light-colored glass eyes,—as if, like the birds or fishes of some Arabian tale, their looks had warned me with a human meaning to ‘beware the dentist!’ No matter. Even a naturalist’s gallery might prove a relief to the monotony of a sojourn at Welstanton.

Such a pleasure, however, was not to be lightly conceded or accomplished without antecedents. In terror of his erudition, young people were forced by their parents and guardians to read up to it, as they were physicked by Dr. Green previous to inoculation. My imagination and memory were accordingly filled with creeping things innumerable, by the time I was considered worthy a presentation to the Buffon of Welstanton.

Awful were the preparations in that old mansion-house, on the evening the infallible was to take tea with us, preparatory to his cross-examination of the candidate for the honor of admittance into his museum.

The house was not large; but its lobbies were so spacious and its vestibules so numerous, that people took less heed that its rooms were full of queer angles and embrasures, or that their altitude was such as in most old mansions, ‘from Shakspeare downwards’, forbids one to suppose that the race of Britons is physically degenerated. A standard footman or a life-guardsmen, would scarcely have stood upright in the state parlour of the Tramsydes. Fortunately no such rampant specimens of human nature found their way into those maidenly precincts.

The furniture was almost as heterogeneous as the contents of Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone’s museum. It often happens that these old spinstress cages in country-towns, contain choice specimens of art, in addition to the tabby-cats, both biped and quadruped, purring by their fireside. The legacies of successive generations concentrate the moveable of an ancient squirearchical family in the possession of its last Mrs. Tabitha Old Euclio devises

‘Hislands and tenements to Ned;’

because Ned can keep the tenements in repair, and improve the lands at leisure. His books and ‘pictures,’—his prints and ‘chay-sey,’ are extrinsic things, which his old maid-servant or cousin will better appreciate.—There had been more than one old Euclio in the Tramsyde family; and the curious mansion with its deep Elizabethan windows, abounded in treasures such as would have collected a crowd round the windows of Baldoek, or touched the lips of James Christie with fire.

Such crackled china!—such Nankin vases!

—such enamelled saucers!—such quizzicalities in Dresden!—lachrymatories in crystal—chalices in onyx and jasper—Chinese gods in Eu-Shee stone—and mystical Egyptianisms,—whether demon or divinity who could tell?

In one vestibule, stood an old carved ebony cabinet, such as one finds at Amsterdam or Nimeguen, looking as if all the prescriptions of Boerhaave, or commentations of Erasmus, must be concealed within its mysterious labyrinth of secret drawers and twisted columns. I have seen early Dutch copies of the Bible, wherein the book of Exodus is illustrated by plates of the inner sanctuary of the tabernacle, much resembling the interior of this mysterious cabinet. It contained, however, nothing that I could ever discover, except the smell of myrrh, though permitted by the old ladies to pursue my search after the sliding panel, which, I was convinced, would one day reveal to view a mysterious manuscript, containing perhaps a narrative of the murder of the De Witts, or inedited anecdotes of the barbarisms of the Duke of Alva.

In another lobby—a lesser one, leading to Miss Sybella’s private chamber—there stood an old-fashioned settee, and another old cabinet of genuine Japan—lacquered with a degree of richness worthy the state-partments of a mandarin of the first button.

I know not from what member of the Tramsyde family this stately piece of furniture had descended to the two old ladies;—but certain of its drawers savored of musk and marchale powder, to a degree that poked, flute-tongued, of billets-doux of the reign of Queen Anne.

Just over the cabinet was suspended a picture of singular merit, in singular disarray; for, purporting to be the Adoration of the Magi from the pencil of Vandyck, there was a rent right through the visage of one of the swarthy kings, which implied that it had been either thrust at with some rusty weapon, or gnawn through by the rats. The Tramsydes protested it had suffered in the siege of some family castle during the civil wars, and swore the picture was an original. At all events, it was a splendid picture.

Miss Sybella often reproached me with the hours I wasted in that little vestibule. She belonged to a time and place entitling her to consider every thing but active occupation, idleness; and when neither sewing, knitting, nor copying receipts into the grand Tramsyde collection, I was, of course, doing nothing. I suspect she did not like me to approach too near her chamber door.

They were Catholics—rigid Catholics—Previous to my visit, I had heard hints of vigils, penances, and macerations, that made my blood creep whenever Father Marston, their priest, came over to visit them from the neighboring town. No sound, however, reached me, as I sat musing on the settee, but the buzzing of the flies over a pot or the night-flowering stock, that bloomed in the hot window-seat; or another and scarcely louder

murmur from Miss Sybilla's chamber, which I always concluded to be the rehearsing of her patter-roster.

Had Horace Walpole been acquainted with those two elderly gentlewomen, I am convinced he would have made one of them his Countess, in order to add their collection to that at Strawberry-hill. The taste of Mr. Benjamin Brighthelmstone—or as Dr. Green jocosely abbreviated him amongst his intimates 'B. B.'—was towards the sciences rather than the arts; or he would scarcely have been able to resist their antiquated tendernesses, or their carvings by Ginaling Gibbons: Petitiots adorned their snuff-boxes; and the very vellum fans with sticks of encrusted gold that, on my arrival, lay forgotten in the old lacquer cabinet, would have worked up the enthusiasm of the Chaussee D'Antin to frenzy.

One might almost fancy that our national taste, as developed in these gorgeous superfluities, had been gradually degenerating from the days of Charles II. to our present age of utilitarianism. If we are to trust the evidence of old family collections, and the hints of old comedies and such records as the 'Rape of the Lock,' there *was* a time when English people wasted their coin upon toys of a richer and more elegant description, than the gewgaws which now encumber our tables.

I had thought myself tolerably conversant with the treasures of my venerable hostesses; but the tea-party brought to light a thousand curious trifles in addition to B. B.

It was summer time. The table was set in the deep recess of an old window, looking towards the little flower-plot, which they called a garden, sloping southward towards a paddock, through which ran what Welstanton considered a river. The opposite bank, a harming boundary to what would have been otherwise an uninteresting stare over one of the ugliest counties in England, was richly matted with ivy, between huge scattered stumps of ash and oak trees, throwing up here and there, their jets of underwood, which bore evidence that it had not been long denuded of the wood, still assigning to the spot the name of Stanton Hanger.

The garden, such as it was, showed bright with its Midsummer redundancy of flowers—old fashioned things disavowed by the Horticultural Society, but which constitute the glory of old English farms and manors; such as the double-flowering white briar, with drooping boughs and delicate blossoms, like a sick beauty;—the flaunting crimson, that forms so glaring a contrast with the pale yellow lily, its Midsummer contemporary; the fraxinella, red and white—the globe-flower—the gladiolus, larkspurs, lupins, poppies, peas of every dye, honey-suckles and sweetbriars filling the evening air with fragrance; and in the centre of the grass-plot (round which, skirting a well-rolled gravel-walk, this gaudy flower-belt was disposed), a single fine magnolia-tree, at that moment bearing at the extremity of every bough one of those heavy

blossoms that look like an ostrich's egg, and smell like a Persian banquet.

Such was the scene without; the paddock, green as an emerald, being relieved only by the huge old hawthorn-bushes, sheeted with blossoms straggling towards the river. Of this circumscribed landscape, I had even more than enough. The novelty consisted in the tea-table, whose curious old damask napery was interwoven with the Tramsyde arms, a worthy accompaniment to the singular specimens of Japan porcelain and antique family plate, brought forth to grace the solemnities of the evening.

These things would have struck me less now that all which was then *rococo* has been vulgarized by the vogue of fashion. But plainness and simplicity of design—that is, poorness and stiffness, was then the order of the day; and I defy the most perverse imagination to produce any thing more thoroughly tasteless than the furniture, plate, and all other accessories of domestic life, in use during the last twenty years of the last century, and extant during the first ten of the present. Contrasted with the meagre productions of Rundell and Bridge, the fanciful old embossed tea-kettle and coffee-beggin of the old ladies, chased with the richest embossing, looked Cellini-ish and graceful. As to the china, Alexander Pope alone could do justice to its eggshell transparency, and the beauty of the lotus-flowers uplifting their enamel leaves at the bottom of every tiny cup.

In addition to the old plate and the old China, were two strangely shaped crystal cups, filled with honeycomb and preserved apricots; and between them a twisted-stemmed, gigantic, old Dutch drinking-glass; in which—oh, profanation!—with an apostle spoon, parcel gilt, and of great antiquity, they had deposited the sugarcandy for the coffee! One could not help wishing that Gerard Duow or Ostade could look in, to give durable existence to that picturesque collation—over which hovered a splendid moth, astray from the garden, as if to impart a crowning grace to the arrangement of the picture.

When Sir Hans Sloane of Welstanton entered the state-parlor, his attention was attracted neither by the old plate nor the young lady but the Sphinx which had preceded him at the tea-table. Rushing abruptly out of the room, in search of the hat carelessly deposited on a peg in the vestibule, or in hopes that the old fashioned equipage (in which, on such grand occasions as Tramsyde tea-drinkings, he chose to make his transit from one street to the other) might not have driven from the door, so as to send home for his butterfly-net, he shuffled back, and began chasing the unhappy insect, which, living things thrown out of their sphere, was beating itself alternately against the window-panes and ceiling, while pursuing its natural instincts of activity. You heard its heavy body flap at regular intervals against the glass,—intervals which the disappointed B. B. al-

ways managed to miscalculate, giving so hard a blow with his hat to the casement as a sort of echo to the senseless thump of the poor moth, that a catastrophe seemed imminent. One could see the powder disperse from the moaly wings of the moth, every time the naturalist contrived to hit the victim which he failed to capture.

At length, this unequal strife ended in an amnesty, without manifest advantage on either side. The footboy announced Dr. Green, of whose uncompromising quizzing B. B. stood so greatly in awe, that the poor wounded moth was allowed to flutter his jagged wings without further persecution.

It would have been nothing very wonderful, had the merry Doctor espied a quizzable object in the queer little man who, a moment before his entrance, was standing a tip-toe on one of the elbow-chairs bounding up and down like an India-rubber ball, in hopes of catching the poor Sphynx in the hat with which, as it fitted past, he strove to arrest and imprison the fugitive; so strange a figure did he cut in his speckled silk-stockings and nankeen tights—the complexion of both sadly impaired by a very long series of ablutions. He hopped nimbly down from the chair, however, and pretended to be making most obsequious acquaintance with myself as Green drew near;—as a cover to the shame of being caught moth-catching at the moment when he ought to have been more rationally employed with tea or toast, or tea and tabbies.

Dr. Green was a man of the most comic contour and countenance, except Buckstone's, I ever looked upon. He seemed made to be laughed at; and being a man of excellent sense, in addition to his globose outline, wisely determined to throw the first stone at himself, and have his laugh with the rest of the world. The only difficulty was to reconcile so very grave a profession as physic with his jocular days of Molere down to those of Sterne; but it is not always safe in them to join in the fun. Not but that Green, when real sickness or sorrow predominated, could be as earnest and serviceable as the gravest of his tripe. But he would laugh at his nervous patients, and quiz his hypochondriacs; and nervous people will not endure being laughed at. Dr. Green protested that it served to put them in a passion—a less disagreeable visitation than being out of spirits. But the sense of the town, that is its want of sense, was against him. It was whispered in confidence, from house to house, that his yearly income would be considerably increased by an increase of gravity. Above all, he delighted in venting his jocularities upon B. B., Pope of the Parish. Both were bachelors,—both thriving ones; the physician, thanks to an excellent practice in the neighborhood; the Pope, thanks to an independent income of twelve hundred per annum. Twelve hundred per annum was a prince's revenue at Welstanton. It enabled his Infallibility to keep a pair of fat coachman as a set-off against

Dr. G.'s smart gig and knowing groom. It enabled him to distinguish himself by two dinner-parties, falling about the winter and summer solstice, in opposition to the snug little oyster-suppers of the merry Doctor.

Two old bachelors, in easy circumstances, in a country town without a navigable river, a canal or a barrack-yard! But for them, how the conversation of the morning visits would have stagnated! But for them, what a lack of innuendoes,

Of nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles, among the spinsters of the place! There was Miss Marx, the agent's daughter—an heiress. There were the three Graces of the Mayor. But above all, there were the two ladies of the manor. It was amusing to hear the different inflections of voice with which the gossips of Welstanton severally whispered, 'Miss Sybella Tramsyde? Believe me, Mr. Brighthelmstone has no thoughts of Miss Sybella!' or 'Miss Martha?' as if Dr. Green would think of Miss Martha! some being of opinion that the two mature Lovelaces, charming as they were, must not presume to lift their ambition to one of the oldest families in the county; others penetrated with the notion that two Clarissas who had survived to such very mature spinsterhood, had better continue to hang like icicles on Dian's temple for the remainder of their days.

Whether that auspicious tea-drinking, with its 'breath of hawthorns, lapse of streams, and tune of chaffinches,' had any influence in melting the icicles and attenuating the obdurate hearts of the venerable damsels, it is useless to conjecture. The scandalous chronicle of Welstanton, I admit, presumed to hint that the coquetry of the young visitor, who, to her shame be it spoken, *did find* some little amusement in flirting with the Pope and rendering the punster serious during that solemn festivity, was not without its share in hastening the catastrophe which shortly afterwards converted the attendance of the doctor into the devotion of a partner for life; and inaugurated the charming Sybella among the curiosities of the museum of B. B.'s Vatican.

On this knotty point, it is impossible for me to decide; seeing that, a few days after the teaparty, my grim hostess, aided by the optics of the green-eyed monster, discovered that it was indispensable to commence the re-papering and re-painting of the rooms devoted to my use; and to the great relief of my *ennui* and their own anxieties, my visit was accordingly brought to an untimely end.

The finale of the courtship I was forbidden to witness;—the only intimation I received of the great event, being a double portion of wedding cake, accompanied by a double allowance of favors, announcing a double wedding in the Tramsyde family, which, I conclude, must have afforded an eighteen days' wonder and delight to the astonished inhabitants of THE COUNTRY TOWN.

From Tait's Magazine.
ENGLISH POETRY.

MOORE, KEATS, CRABBE, CAMPBELL, AND ROGERS.

It is fitting that Moore should follow Byron, though not so much so that he should be associated with Keats. They are here classed together, however, on account of the principal characteristic of both being the same, although exhibited in a very different manner. Luxuriance, in all likelihood, will be the peculiar feature attributed to them in future criticism.

There are two potential names we have been accustomed to hear spoken with an unaccountable flippancy. The first of these is Southy, the second, Moore. And yet the character of Moore, both as a poet and a patriot, is such as to merit the highest respect. He has served his country as few Irishmen have done, and in a manner most allied to their nature, as well as his own, by the pathos of injured feeling and the satire of urbane wit.

Moore's study of the Irish melodies, which are almost all plaintive, and the taste towards which Byron led, and which considered a shade of melancholy necessary to beauty, coincided in his mind to produce that sentimental affectation, which is one of the worst evils of his works. By such passages as these:—

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye;
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

This brilliant writer, and as brilliant man of the world, has contributed to a result the most foreign to his nature. But this, however, is only a casualty,—there are correctives enough in his works for such feelings; but the fashionable taste picks up whatever is akin to itself, and reacts upon the author, and thus these verses are the most generally admired of all Moore's poetry. Revelling in all riches, and animated with vivid enjoyment, his tales have a foolish air of melancholy that suits but ill with their other qualities. Sheridan said well of him—'that there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore; that his soul seemed a particle of fire separated from the sun, and always fluttering to get back to the source of light and heat.' The gorgeous voluptuousness of the East is too little for him: he adds whatever is bright or rare in antiquity or art; he covers the exquisitely inwrought pavement with flowers, and winnows the air with scented fans; and then, by way of heightening the luxury, makes the inhabitants of this artificial paradise the unhappy objects of our sympathy. Thus the enchantress in the 'Fire-worshippers,' who lives on flowers, a fine un-

earthly life, when she is supplied with her favorite blossoms,

Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mixed her soul with theirs.

recalls in her song no images but those of a regretful nature, and ever recurs to the remembrance that to-morrow they will fade.—Thank Heaven they will, and everything else, and make room for new flowers and new dreams, as well as new fruit and new poetry,

I know where the wing'd visions dwell,
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

Delightful all these verses are, and yet not half so delightful as many he has given us. But when we ask ourselves why they are so, the question is somewhat more difficult to answer to our reason, than to acknowledge to our sense; it is, in short, a species of deceit: and even those who would assent to the truth of the proposition, that the best philosophy of life is to be comfortably cheated, are not contented with it. The charm rests on the principle of contrast, and that principle refined upon to its furthest.

In this respect, as well as others, Moore's poetry has, in style, a strong resemblance to Byron's. So much is this the case that, in a critical analysis for the purpose of classifying our poetical writings, these two may be almost comprehended under the same category. He did for the lovely what Byron did for the darker passions: concentrating them into essence; making harmonies by congregating the like and sympathetic, he decorated the objects of sense by sweet fancy, and diluted the gem of love in the wine of the senses. Not only did he 'paint the lily, gild refined gold, and add fresh perfume to the violet,' as Hazlitt says of him, but he makes the lily more beautiful by its juxtaposition to the rose, and extracts the sentiment from the jessamine flower by its neighborhood to the ivy. This sort of poetry oversteps the bounds of simple refinement—that is, refinement retaining for its object the enjoyment of natural pleasures—it is refinement becoming diseased, as a vast accumulation of wealth tends to make it. His writings and those of Byron would almost make us believe that the poetry of former artificial ages was worth nothing, and that there never was such a thing as the Art (technically speaking) of poetry until they invented it; and what they invented they have completed. But man cannot live by bread alone; and most assuredly not by smiles, and much less by tears. Thus has

Moore contributed his share to the grand revolution and assisted us in drawing broadly and definitely the distinction between sense and soul,—the organic body and the living thought by which that body is.

Moore has done more than this. He and Southey have extended the charm of the affections further than had been done before; they have dealt with them the same, whether the scenery of their poetry was in Persia, or Arabia, or at home: they have represented the same passions everywhere, and overlooked the modifications of the moral nature which climate and faith induce. Heretofore it had been otherwise: we were accustomed to describe oriental life with a self-congratulating sanctimony, and wilful coloring of prejudice. The tales which had followed on the translating of the Arabian Knights were no exception to this. They were lifeless, and mere vehicles for their morals; being only chosen for the convenience of their machinery. The author could address Mahomet without bringing on himself the charge of disrespect to religion which the use of the name of God in that way might have done. Now we make the inhabitants of that

Sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose sandal groves and beds of spice,
Might be a Peri's paradise,

offer their adoration in the same spirit of love and hope to the same great Spirit who claims the temples and the cenotaphs more near home. We now refer religion to its source, to the well-spring of the heart, and separate it quite from the polemical conditions to which it has been annexed by our forefathers. Matters of faith are above, and would be impertinent in the present writing: we speak not of them, and this Moore has also avoided doing. But he has assisted in extending the brotherhood of our common nature to all; and this is Christianizing the world. In the story of the Peri, the outcast of paradise wanders about in search of the gift that is most dear to heaven. First she caught the blood-drop of a warrior fighting for liberty.

‘Sweet,’ said the angel, as she gave
The gift into her radiant hand;
‘Sweet is the welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;—
But see, alas! the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not; holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opens the gate of heaven for thee!’

Next she receives the sigh of a maiden, whose affection for her lover was stronger than that for life; but

‘Not yet,’
The angel said, as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory.

She goes on her search again, and it is a tear of penitence which at last admits her into heaven.

The great chamberlain Fadladeen's choice sentence of criticism on this poem: ‘And this

is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold fillagree work of Zamora beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!’—This criticism which Moore delivers on himself may be repeated to every poem he has written. But there is a time for everything, and *de gustibus non disputandum*; the lightest fabric of the silk-worm may have its value as well as the inconsumable asbestos. It is not with these works, in size so much more important, that the name of Moore will be associated. He has done much more for the Irish music than Burns did for the Scotch; and these melodies, like

—Ladies from a far country,
Beautiful exceedingly,

are married for ever in the beating heart of the Irish nation to the pathos of his verses.

The Irish music, indeed has been first collected by means of the assistance which he rendered. ‘These airs,’ he says, ‘like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners:’ and the composers on the continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland. ‘But we are come,’ he continues, ‘to a better period both of politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early songs.’ The immense popularity of many of these lyrical pieces, not only in Ireland but also in this country and abroad, is abundant proof of the success with which he has performed his task, and have greatly contributed to the regeneration he so confidently anticipates.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy
lane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and
storm,

Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them unfading and warm!
Erin! oh, Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwalked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold
hour,
Till spring, with a touch her dark slumber unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Erin! oh, Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom
at last.

Keats's life was a short one: what share he would have taken, had he lived longer, in the drama whose characters we are now enumerating, it is not easy to say; and yet perhaps he performed his part. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, and the epitaph which disappointed energies of body dictated, will be remembered only as a poetic incident in a poet's death.

It may be said of Keats that his character and enthusiasm approached more nearly to those of what we poetically term a poet. He seems to have studied and written, not be-

cause he loved what he described, so much as that the exercise of his faculty of description gave him delight. He could not resist his inclination to suit ideas with poetic words. He was under a spell, and not properly awake, reasoning and choosing. He loved all things in proportion as they furnished materials for his embroidery, or gave him dyes wherewith to beautify the rainbow of his verse. His intense appreciation of beauty must have been oppressive to him; he must have felt in contemplating it, as in his 'Ode to a Nightingale'—

1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
He must have extended his arms with longing supplication for more power in embodying what he desired, as in the stanzas following:

2.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd in a long age in the deep delved earth,
Tos'log of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blissful Hypocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

4.

Away, away, for I will fly with thee
Not charioteered by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable mouth endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves
And Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

8.

* * * * *
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive fancy fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

He loved poetry for itself alone. His great desire was to aggrandise ideas by the dress in which he presented them to the reader.—The fitness of words to convey a *feeling* of objects claimed his transcendent admiration. It never was enough for him that the object was presented in its true light to the understanding; the sense must also appreciate it. He wished to *paint* with words. As might have been thus expected, his poetry affords the most beautiful examples of imagery. How fine, for instance, how very grand, is the following metaphor:—

There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had just begun:
As if the *rainward clouds of evil days*
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder *lat'ring up*.

The rhythm here gives immense value to the sense; it gives as much as the poorness of the sound of the first, second, and last lines in the following passage in Wordsworth—so grand in itself—takes away from the effect.

Like a sea-beast crawl'd forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand repositeth there to sun himself;
Such seem'd this man, not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep in his extreme old age.
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all.

It was not enough that he should work out an end by means of his poem, and raise an interest in its progress; each notion and each image was itself all-important—it was a poem, and could stoop to no other idea or image as his superior. All this was the result of the fervency of youth, as well as of his idiosyncrasy: it was the ebullience of one to whom to live was luxury. To feel the air fanning his face was to him a happiness like love; and something very like 'the large utterance of the early gods,' in some parts of Hyperion especially, where

The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef rocks
Come booming,

was given him whereby to convey to others the plenitude of his pleasure—a pleasure not unmix'd with pain.

It may be inferred from this manner of defining Keats' powers, that we are not to look for much through his means being added to our poetry, or new influences communicated to its future condition; but it is not so. His poetry contains morals as important as that of either of those noticed. He filled an important place in the diversity of the age, and without him its canonical completeness would be diminished. He was not a doubter like Byron, nor did he seem to entertain seriously any thought of an abstract kind. His faith was in Nature: in the present and the ancient fable was his only theology.

But Keats' version of that creed, his embodiment of the Greek spirit is not his own; if it had, he would have been a more marvellous

youth than we have ever beheld. Our early translations, so different from those that followed in the French-classic period, furnish a key whereby to understand the poetry of Keats. In the 'Hero and Leander,' begun by Marlow and completed by Chapman, and in other poems by the same authors, we meet with passages almost parallel. His choice of subjects was exactly such as Coleridge attributed to young genius—the most remote from every-day interests. He says—'I hope I have not at too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece,' as a re-producer in form he was too late—in spirit perhaps too early. It was set down to him as affectation. Besides, he did not anticipate in his love that there was a reason in passion, or that a departure from the model was sometimes all the difference between truth and peculiarity.—A revival or an exclusive study of any *phase* of the human mind which has been passed in the advancement of knowledge, is unfit for a wide and permanent audience. If fable be employed as by its nature it is intended to be, and as there can be no doubt it was employed by those who invented it, and as Shelley has used it in 'Prometheus Unbound,' or as Goethe appears to have done in 'Helena,' in shadowing out of arcane matters whose simple annunciation would be too abstract for any faculty but that of pure reason, then it can never be too late to apply to it as a poetic vehicle. But Keats did not so use it;—he did not resort to it for the meanings which lay hid beneath, but only for the excellent art in which these meanings were enveloped: he was a worshipper of the creature: he chose his mistress for the beauty of her face more than for that of her mind. Thus far his poetry is the acknowledgment of a principle and no further.—He had not advanced far enough to add the hidden thought to the rare fabric of symbol. His muse is the statue of Pygmalion the instant before it is animated; and he is the sculptor lost between admiration of what he has created, and what he desires.

The whole poem of 'Endymion' is filled with his feeling. His inmost consciousness is alive to a communion with the outward world. There is a language spoken to him which he cannot wholly understand. The love-sick loses himself in his feeling:—

What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst move

My heart so potently? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou has smiled.
Thou seem'dst my sister; hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cooled their cheeks deliciously:
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when mine eye with thine thereon could

dance:
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing-time ne'er would I dibble take
Or drop a seed till thou wast wide awake;
And in the summer-tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And meshed my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spirit,
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood every joy and pain
By thee were fashioned to the self-same end:

And as I grew in years, still didst thou bleed
With all my ardors; thou wast the deep glen;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;—
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
Thou wast my claron's blast—thou wast my steed;
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:
'Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
Oh, what a wild and harmonised tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!

And thus it was with the poet himself.—Endymion is visited in sleep by the lunar goddess Diana, and while awake and gazing on the white orb he cannot understand what influence it is that over-powers him. And at last he returns to this simple exclamation,

Oh, what a wild and harmonised tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!

But in truth it was not merely because it was beautiful that the 'gentle orb' so moved him.—Beauty it was to the senses, but no further; the sentiment he experienced was inspired by the spirit that dwelt within. Keats was ever thus perplexed: the poetic and the visible world to which it was allied, were beautiful both, but they were more than beautiful. Untroubled waters suggest peace; and as we love peace we love to gaze upon untroubled waters. It is this coincidence we call the beautiful. Bright colors in quick transition remind us of gaiety, and colors in gradation—as in the rainbow—of harmony. For their own sakes we care little about them: but in Keats' poetry the sense of beauty is the ultimate endeavor. There is little unitarianism, and, it is to be feared, less trinitarianism in this: it is the very threshold of the religion of the Greeks, but no further than the threshold.

CRABBE, CAMPBELL, ROGERS.

These writers are among the most firmly fixed in the public esteem: their works are not of the order that raise party prejudices, their beauties are such as all can understand. They are here enumerated, not so much owing to their importance, or their relation to the period, as from the circumstance of their being distinct from it.—They are (with many great names on the rolls of the muses) writers of verse rather than poets. They go about their productions with a laudable desire to avoid ambiguity of sentiment, falsity of reasoning, or any necessity of explanation;—they are always innocent of these faults, but their innocence is the result of the wrong cause, they are too timid to go wrong, Crabbe only being too strong to be driven from the right.

The style of Crabbe forms a link between the past and the present, the days when Burke and Sir J. Reynolds were the great authorities and arbiters, and these degenerate days when The Edinburgh and Quarterly have taken upon themselves; between the days of Goldsmith and of Byron. Crabbe, in his preface to the republication of his earlier poems, mentions his acquaintance with the great men deceased, and also the fact of his poems having been submitted to Johnson for his judgment. That the verdict of this powerful mind would be favorable was to have been expected; and that he—although not too ready to give his meed of admiration—should approve highly of 'The Village' and 'The Library' was not surprising. They are poems

which would be agreeable varieties at that time, while they are quite deficient in variety now.—Dr. Johnson said of them—"They are original, vigorous, and elegant;" and such are the revolutions of criticism, only one of these high qualities would be granted to them without modification when viewed among our later poetry.

Precision of study is Crabbe's most valuable feature, and this expended on its most proper subjects—homely pictures of every-day humble life. Poetry he looks upon as good sense in a modest although a holiday dress, and as a matter which it behoved him to improve in as he became an older man, or at least that he should deprecate the expectation of this in his readers. 'Certainly,' says he, 'were it the principal employment of a man's life to compose verses, it might seem reasonable to expect, that he would continue to improve as long as he continued to live; though there is some doubt whether such improvement would follow, and perhaps proof might be adduced to show that he would not: but when to this *'idle trade'* is added some *'calling'* with superior claims on his attention, his progress in the art will probably be in proportion neither to the years he has lived, nor even to the attempts he has made.'

Crabbe is not led away by any theory, or any notion, or affection peculiar to himself; nor does he address himself to any particular class. The interest of his piece is never dependent on any doubtful moral, nor on any *effect* borrowed from the treatment it receives from him. His whole confidence is placed on the stern delineations of actual life, for the observation of which his clerical position gave him opportunity. His 'Hall' and 'Parish Register' reminds us, in their lower qualities, of Galt, some of whose pictures are the most remarkably distinct that have ever been produced. Whenever Crabbe leaves this immediate imitation of his model, he fails utterly; while he keeps within it, his correctness is perfect. 'In 'The Parish Register' the reader will find an endeavor once more to describe village manners, not by adopting the notion of pastoral simplicity, or assuming ideas of rustic barbarity, but by more natural views of the peasantry, considered as a mixed body of persons, sober or profligate, and hence, in a great measure, contented or miserable.' This, and no more, is the sum of all his poems; and it is a great field he has chosen. This announcement is all that he gives—no merit is assumed for resorting to a purer mode of study—no flattering himself with the glory of having broken through convention, (which he has done in all but his metre)—no founding of a school, nor appealing to posterity.

But the great correctness of detail in some of his descriptions is an evil more than a good, as the scenes he describes are of a nature we would rather avoid. Perhaps it ought not to be so, perhaps we ought to be ready to hear and to be witnesses of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and draw instruction from all of them; but still it is otherwise in experience—we willingly leave the sick-ward with its odours of sour poultices to the surgeon who can assist, and the nurses who make them. Like Lillo's tragedies, they want the elevating beauty which all works of

the imitative arts ought to possess. In his choice of subject, however, he has a high moral purpose. Crime and folly in all their forms receive from his hand their punishment. He shows 'vice its own feature,' amply proving the truth of the observation—

Vice to be hated needs but to be seen

Indeed no one could, almost by any possibility, give us a more degrading sense of shame and disgust for those evils which poverty breeds among men. Elliott cannot; there is a vindictive heroism about all that he writes, which dignifies his most miserable scenes; he appeals in anguish to us all; he carries the nobility of independence and manhood even into the foulest disease and most abject proneness. Crabbe details the particulars, and leaves them unredeemed.

Now turn our view from dwellings simply neat
To this infected Row we term our Street.

Here, in cabal, a disputatious crew
Each evening meet;—the sot, the cheat, the shew.
Riots are nightly heard: the curse, the cries
Of beaten wife, perverse in her replies,
While shrieking children hold each threatening
hand!

And sometimes life, and sometimes food demands:
Boys in their first stolen rage, to swear begin,
And girls, who heed not dress, are skilled in gin.
Snarers and smugglers here their gains divide;
Ensnaring females here their victims hide:
And here is one the Sybil of the Row,
Who knows all secrets, or affects to know.

Between the road-way and the walls, offence
Lavades all eyes and strikes on every sense:
There lie, obscene, at every open door
Heaps from the hearth and sweepings from the
floor:

And day by day the mingled masses grow
As sinks are disembogued and kennels flow.

See on the floor what frowzy patches rest!
What nauseous fragments on yon fractured chest!
What downy dust beneath yon window seat!
And round these posts that serve the bed for feet!
This bed where all those tattered garments lie,
Worn by each sex, and now perforce thrown by!
See! as we gaze, an infant lifts its head,
Lett by neglect, and burrow'd in that bed;
The mother-gossip has the love suppress,
An infant's cry once wakened in her breast;
And daily prattles, as her round she takes,
(With strong resentment) of the want she makes.

All this horror is only the naked truth: but Crabbe's writings were addressed to a higher order than those whose moral evils he details; and it may be gravely asked if his poetry has done any *good*—has had any influence in counteracting the curse which has descended, and is descending with a mildew blight among us. And is it just to answer in the following manner the question he there propounds?

Whence all these woes? From want of virtuous
will,
Of honest shame, or time-improving skill;
From want of care to employ the vacant hour,
And want of everything, but want of power.

But Crabbe has a right to answer his own question. He was a man of powerful as well as 'virtuous will,' and wrought out his own honors by perseverance and a cautious and sound judg-

ment. His poetry stands little danger of sinking in reputation; it never attained a great height, and will never be moved from the elevation it has rested on.

And this is also the case with Campbell. Possessed of a more adorned mind than Crabbe, and of a thousand-fold more vivid and ambitious fancy, he has chosen nearly as safe, though not so justly poetic, ground. The fortune of the 'Pleasures of Hope', indeed, was very different from that of the 'Village': it rose into extraordinary celebrity immediately on its publication; and soon settled into the quiet enjoyment of the character of a favorite. Not a favorite, perhaps, with the graver and more intellectual, but a favorite with *everybody*, which (as has been observed) either means *nobody*, or at best that no one is offended.

His lyrical poems are the best of his productions, and some of them are exceedingly fine.—The honor of having done something towards gaining every battle which crowned the naval flag with so much glory during the war, has been claimed for Dibdin. It has been said that his songs had an effect so salutary and so national that the seamen were inspired by them to more courageous achievements. Campbell's heroic songs and ballads are of a higher order than those of Dibdin, and worthy of being associated with our proudest military honors. 'The Battle of the Baltic,' 'Hohenlinden,' and others, will be remembered and admired by all who remember and admire the events they celebrate. The popularity of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' has given that poem the principal place in speaking of Campbell's works; but it is not by any means deserving of that distinction. Gertrude of Wyoming, a tale of American colonization, exquisitely told, is the poem on which the greatest weight of fame must rest. If it was within the scope of these pages to criticise the style and the conduct of particular poems, (except in as far as some general principle may be illustrated by so doing,) this would be one to occupy us. The

character of *Outahissi* is one of the finest things of the kind ever done:

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;
A monumental bronze, unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched but never shook.
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook;
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the wood—a man without a tear.

One thing ought to be observed of Campbell. His name is identified with the struggle for liberty which Poland has maintained so long against the overwhelming force of Russia, and the other states who shared with it in the partition of that kingdom. From time to time he has raised his voice in favor of the indomitable Poles, ever since the publication of his first work in which he alluded to their wrongs in lines which have long been familiar to every one:

When langued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whistler'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;

Tumultuous horrors brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Rogers is still more an elegant writer than Campbell, but much less vigorous. His sentences are composed with elaborate care, and every figure and line is unobjectionable in correctness—but this is only a negative praise. The reader is never deeply interested, and certainly he never carries away a novel impression. True, he never attempts what he fails to execute. The 'Pleasures of Memory,' 'Italy,' 'On a Tear,' 'On a Voice which was lost,' are the appropriate subjects he has chosen. And thus it is too with Crabbe and Campbell: each of them accomplishes what they endeavor; they have been able to keep the adage in mind, *aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice*; they have acquired a lesson which is very difficult to learn,—they have known the boundaries of their powers, and confined themselves to their appropriate tasks.

From the London East Indian Telegraph.

ON THE SUN IN ENGLAND.

Have you ever set eyes on an English sun?
For ten days that he's hidden, he shows his face—
one,

When his hue is a sort of dirty dun.
Envelop'd in clouds, and in vapour dress'd,
He gets up in the East, and goes down in the West—

At least they say so,
For I really don't know
That I ever yet saw him set or rise.
Swaddled up as he is in dingy skies.
I did see him once in the month of June
Peep into my lodgings at twelve at noon;
But the clock scarce struck ere the struggling ray,
Fled like a frightened ghost away,
And never since then, and never before,
Has he shone forth bright,
And I guess that his light
Is withdrawn from England for ever more!
I'll blow out my brains—I shall—I shall!
Or plunge into Paddington's bright canal,
Or get the blue devils, at least—I'm sure
If these suicidal days endure;
For the wind howl'd in a funeral note,

As the smoke—befoul'd air! tries to stop up my throat.

I love those climes of a softer kind
Where Nature herself seems pleased in mind,
Nor sulks, as here,
Through the long, long year,
With the clouds for a frown, and the rain for a tear;

Where the air is free, and all blue the sky;
Not a breeze below—not a cloud on high.
And the sun beams forth with his rays unshorn,
From the first red break of the balmy morn,
To the spot where the shades of eve are born,
And flowers and fruits in their unforced birth
Arise from the lap of the bright green earth:
But here, the whole ground's but one big bog—
The sky's like dirt, and the air's all fog,
And it seems wherever I turn to fly,
That an easterly wind runs into my eye;
And when death shall have taken me far away
These lines shall my graves tomb-stone show—
'Here in quiet doth lie a poor devil below,
Who died of an English day.'